

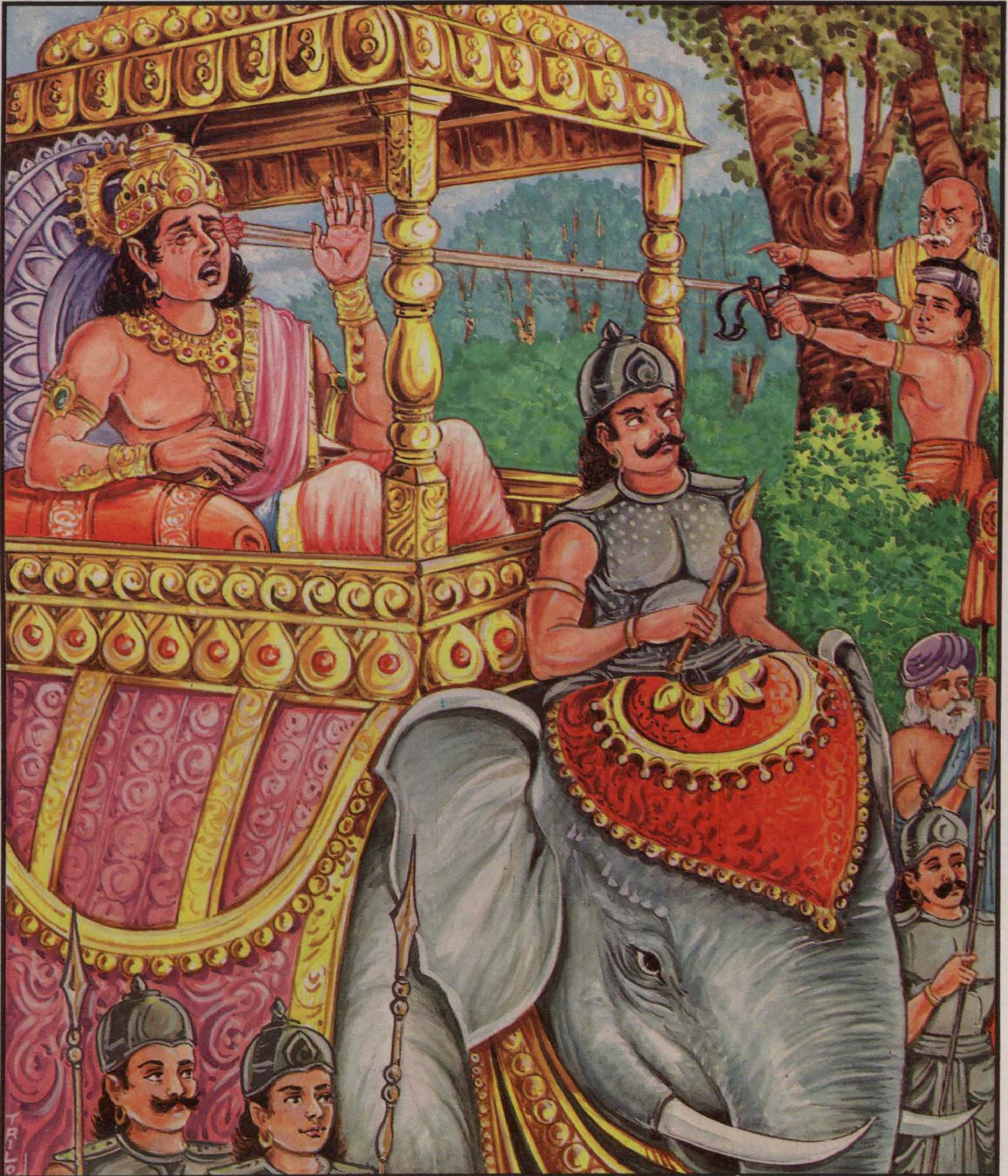
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DIWAKAR
CHITRA
KATHA

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Reap What You Sow



REAP WHAT YOU SOW

In Jain tradition there are 63 famous great men popularly known as Shalaka Purush. The term means those great persons, with exemplary virtues and accomplishments, whose numbers could be counted on fingers. The overpowering personality of such an individual was unparalleled in terms of strength, vigour, power, courage, knowledge, and grandeur. During one descending cycle of time there are 63 such Shalaka Purush — 24 Tirthankars, 12 Chakravartis, 9 Baldevs, 9 Vasudevs, and 9 Prativasudevs. Among the 12 Chakravartis of the current descending cycle the first was Bharat, the son of Adishvar [the first Tirthankar], and the twelfth or the last was Brahm-datt. The period of Brahm-datt Chakravarti is believed to be sometime between the date of nirvana of Bhagavan Arishtanemi (post Mahabharat period) and the birth of Bhagavan Parshvanath. Historically speaking he must have existed sometime before 400 B.C.

The life of Brahm-datt Chakravarti was filled with many ups and downs. On the one hand his life was like a moonless night filled with darkness of apprehension, fear, pain, and discomfort, and on the other it was like a full-moon night filled with the glow of the comforts and grandeur of the empire of six continents. In the *Uttaradhyayan Sutra* the story of his earlier births is given as an inspiring and sentimental tale titled Chitt-Sambhoot. With the help of discourses about knowledge and detachment Brahm-datt's elder brother, ascetic Chitt, tries to inspire him to renounce the regal pleasures. But in spite of knowing about the ephemeral nature of life and its pleasures, Brahm-datt expresses his inability like an elephant caught in a swamp. At last, filled with desires of mundane indulgence and feeling of vengeance, his life comes to a pitiable end.

The theme of the proverb 'one reaps what he sows' has been explained with the help of the story of Brahm-datt Chakravarti in this picture-story. The attainments of a person depend upon his feelings and attitudes.

The script of this interesting comic has been written by the scholarly sadhvi [female ascetic] Shri Pushpavati ji M., the elder sister of the renowned scholar Acharya Shri Devendra Muni ji M. It is based on the commentary of Uttaradhyayan Sutra (Chapter 13). These incidents from the life of Brahm-datt are also available in the Shantiparva of Mahabharat as well as the first chapter of Harivamsh Purana.

— Mahopadhyaya Vinay Sagar

— Shrichand Surana 'Saras'

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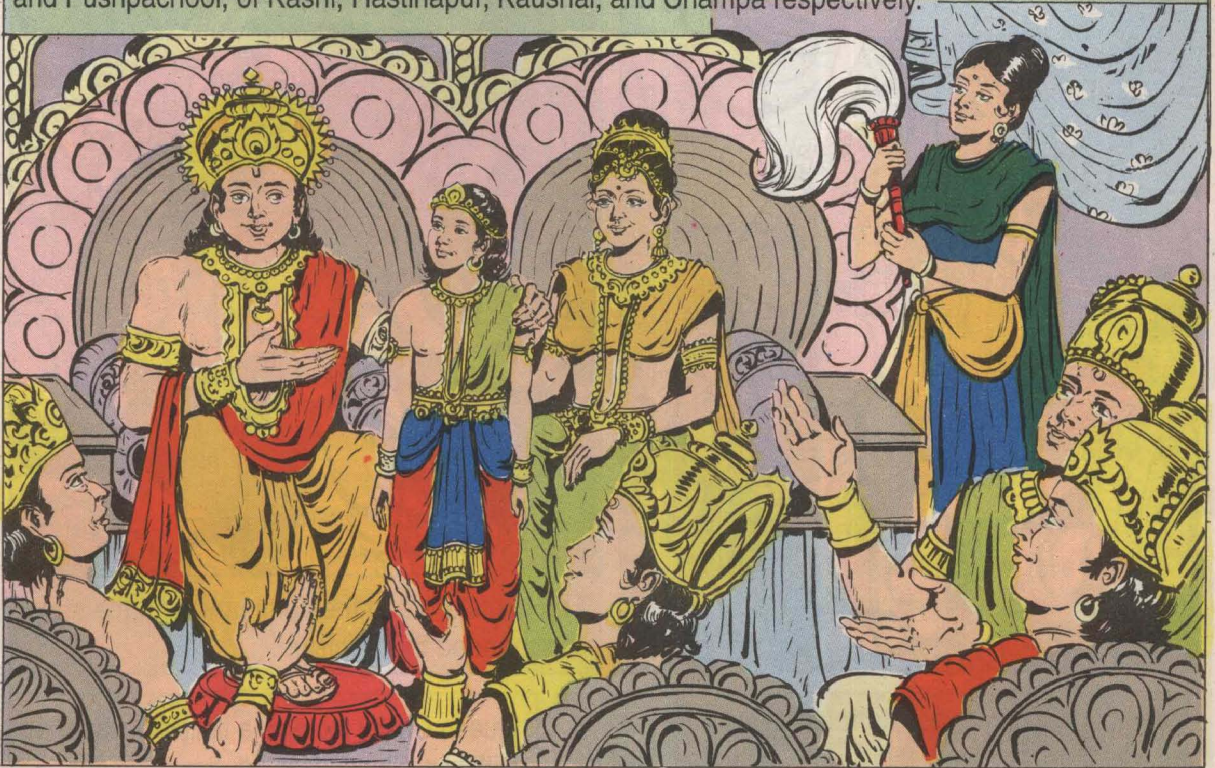
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REAP WHAT YOU SOW

King Brahm and queen Chulni of Kampilpur had a brilliant son—Brahm-datt. The king had four close friends—Kings Katak, Kanerudatt, Deergharaj, and Pushpachool; of Kashi, Hastinapur, Kaushal, and Champa respectively.



Once King Brahm got sick. All the efforts by the doctors failed to save him. The four friends performed the last rites. When the condolence period was over they deliberated—





The ministers and the commander of the state commended this decision.

Deergharaj took control of the state. As time passed he was drawn by the beauty of the queen and fell for her. One day he proposed—

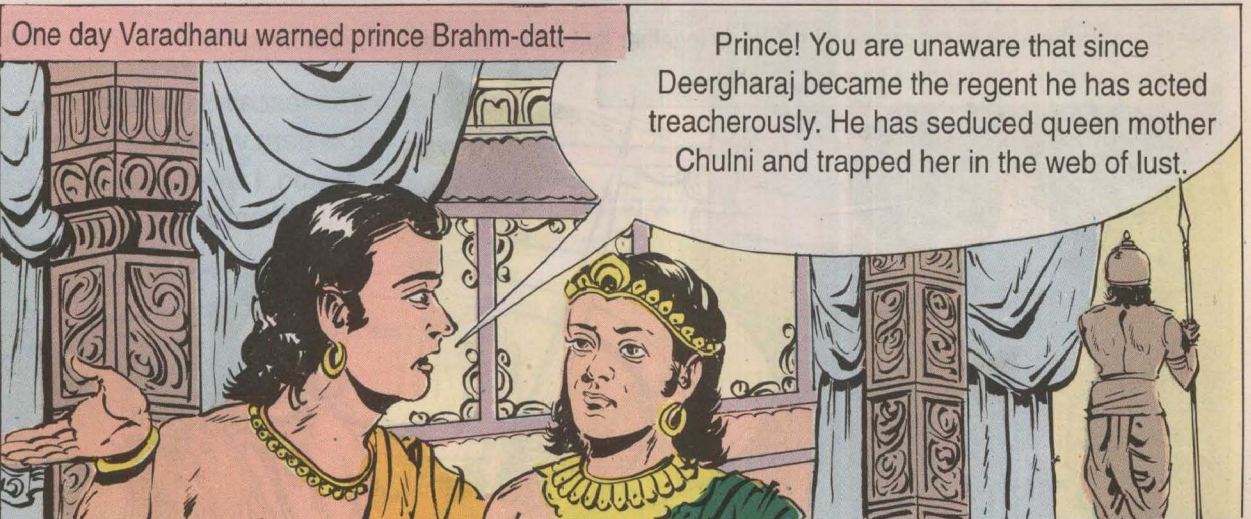
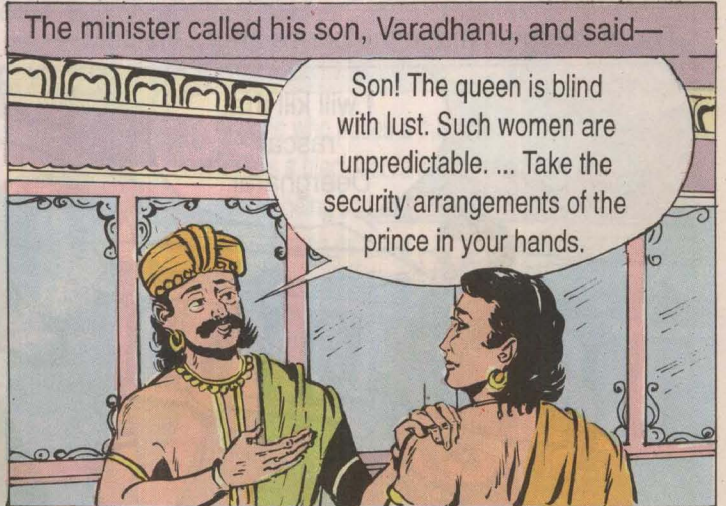
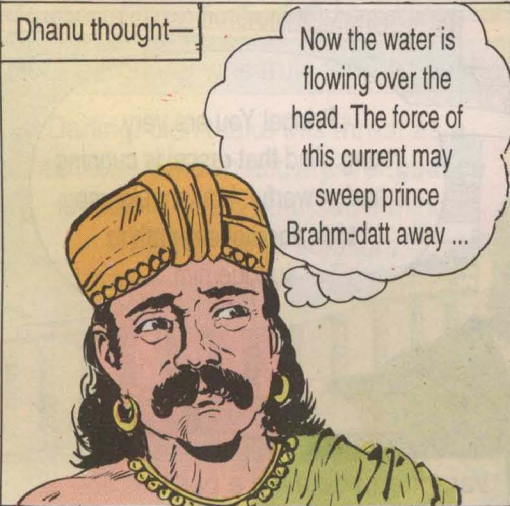


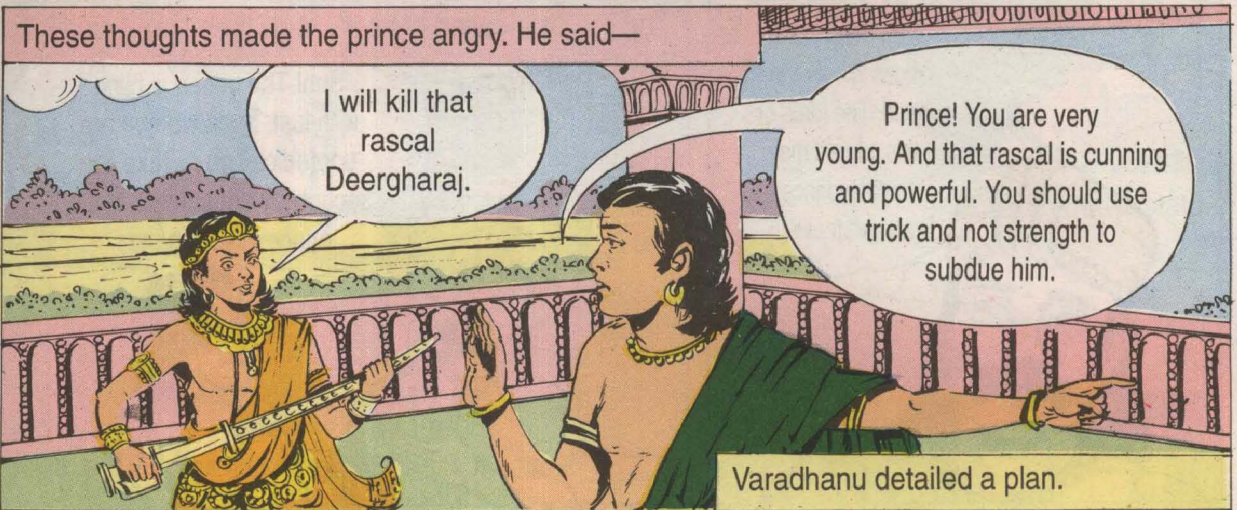
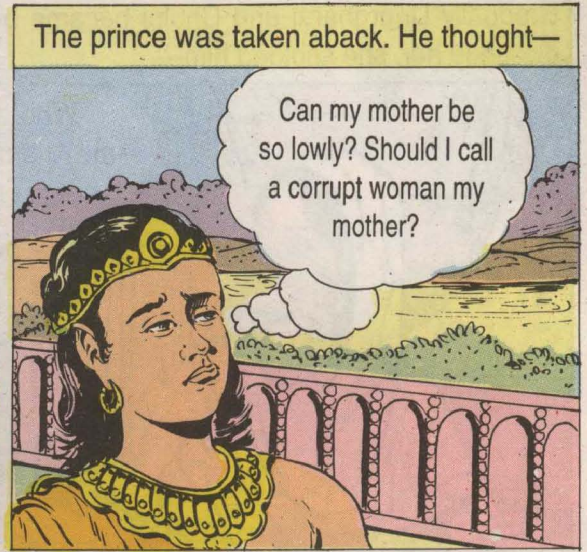
Queen Chulni too was a flirt. She was filled with lust. She consented—



Thus Deergharaj seduced Queen Chulni.

Deergharaj and Chulni became bold. When the loyal prime minister, Dhanu, tried to scold him—





This act of the prince made Deergharaj apprehensive. He said—

Look darling! Your son is calling me a crow and you a cuckoo and threatening to kill me ...

The queen laughed and passed over—

Darling! He is a child and ignorant about the game of love. Don't be afraid of him.

But Deergharaj was truly terrified by the violent stance of the prince. He said—

Darling! Don't take this threat as a harmless childish activity. Vengeance is aflame within your son's mind. Think of some solution.

Anyone who poses a threat to our love is a black cobra irrespective of his being son or a friend. Crush its hood ...

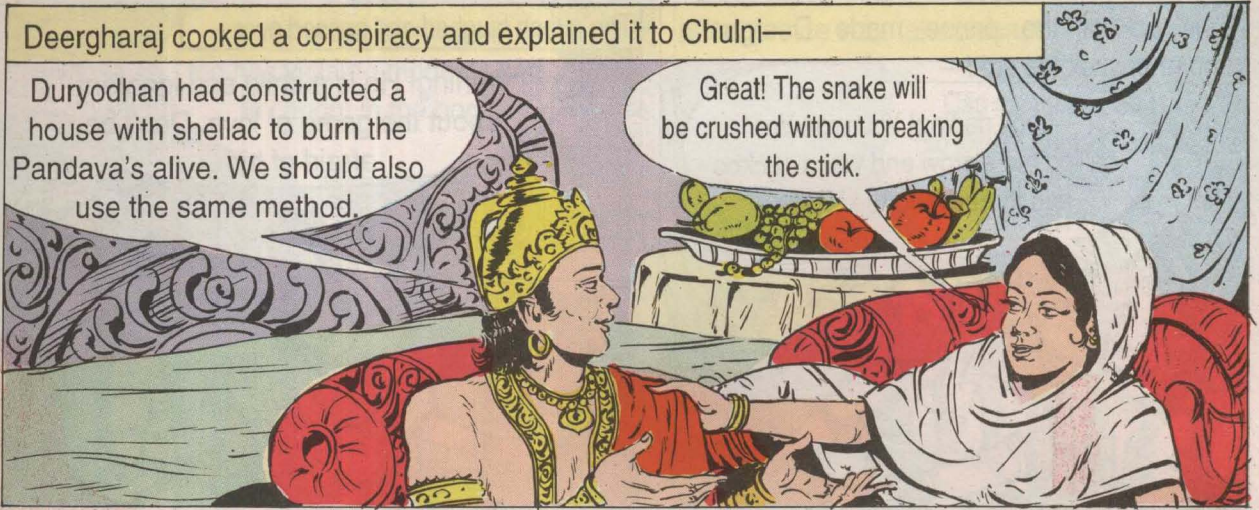
If we kill him without reason the public will revolt.

Then what to do? How do we kill him?

Deergharaj cooked a conspiracy and explained it to Chulni—

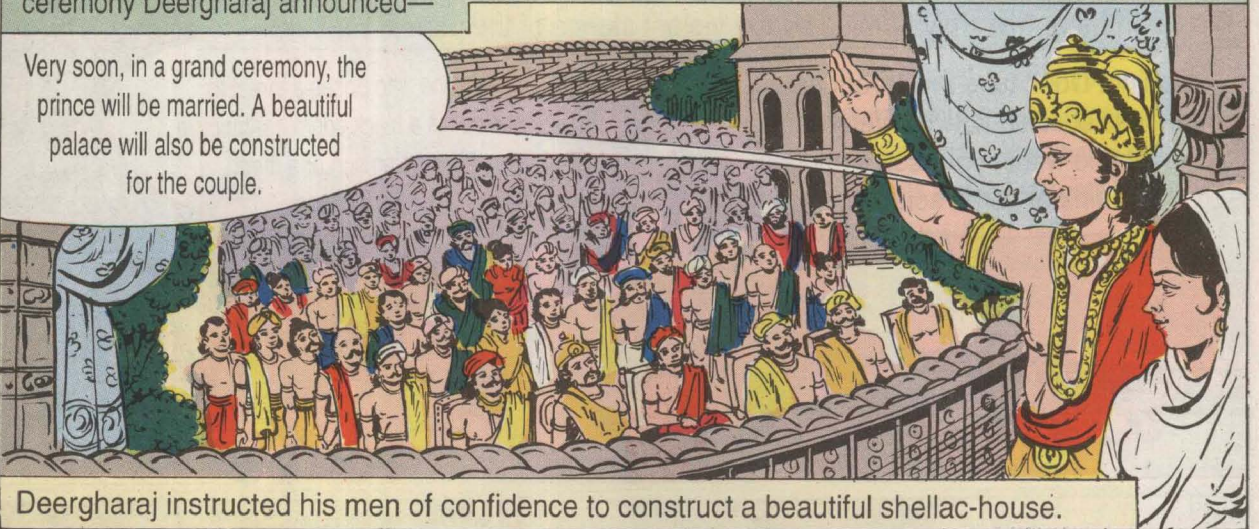
Duryodhan had constructed a house with shellac to burn the Pandava's alive. We should also use the same method.

Great! The snake will be crushed without breaking the stick.



A few days later Deergharaj and Chulni, all of a sudden, arranged for the engagement of the prince. At the ceremony Deergharaj announced—

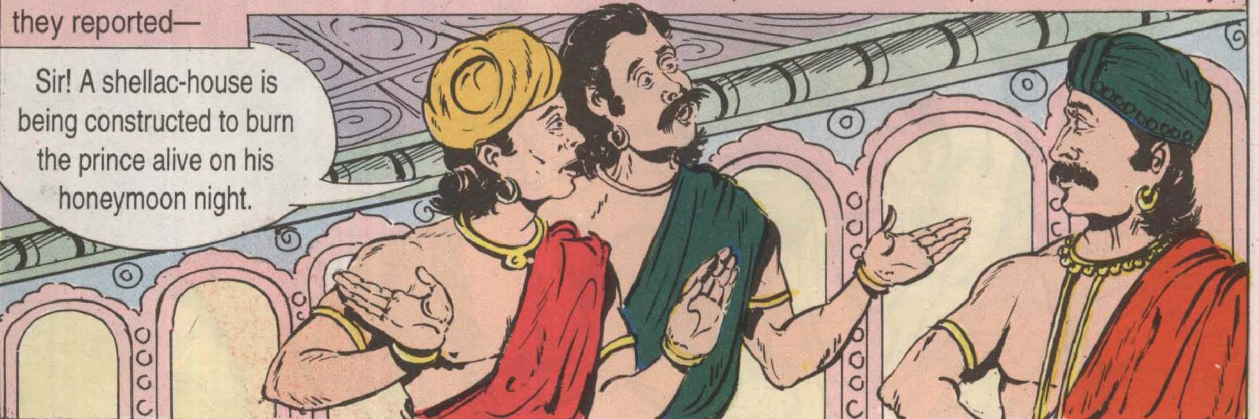
Very soon, in a grand ceremony, the prince will be married. A beautiful palace will also be constructed for the couple.



Deergharaj instructed his men of confidence to construct a beautiful shellac-house.

This sudden announcement shocked minister Dhanu. He spread a net of his spies. After a few days they reported—

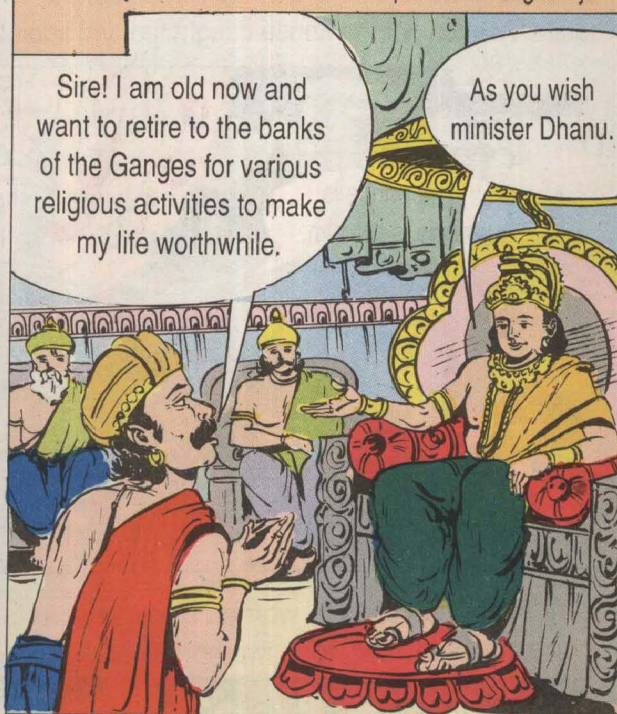
Sir! A shellac-house is being constructed to burn the prince alive on his honeymoon night.



The minister called his son Varadhanu, told everything, and said—

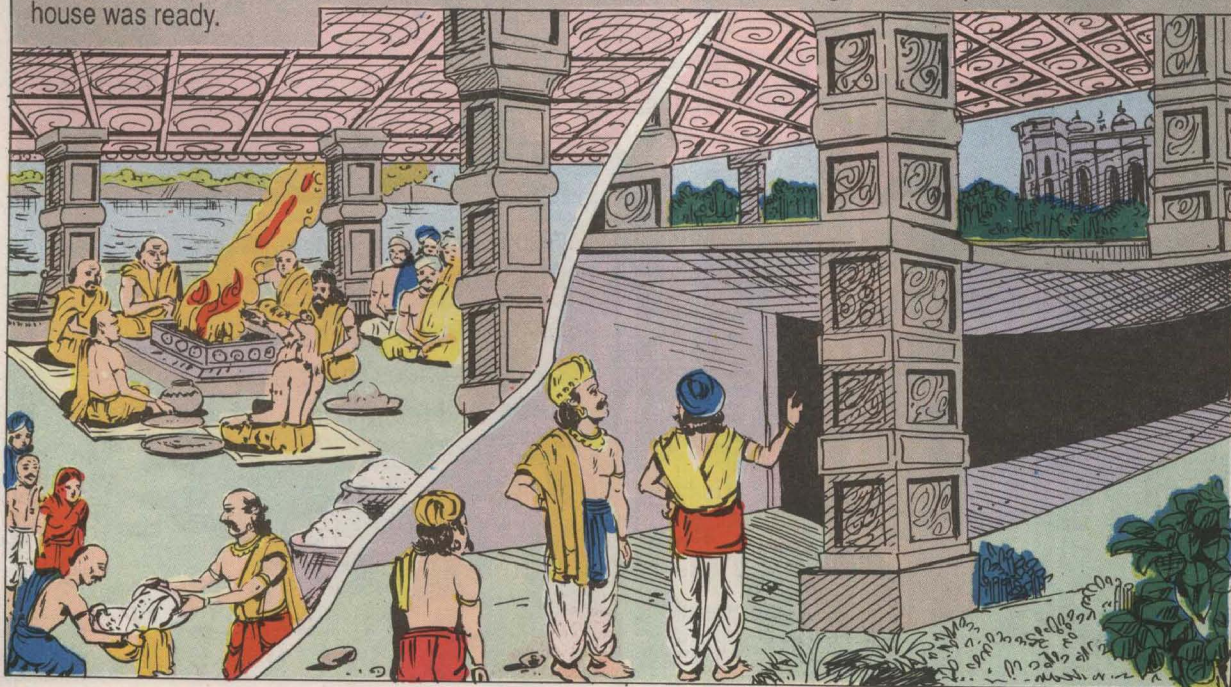


A few days later minister Dhanu requested Deergharaj—



With the departure of Dhanu, Deergharaj was much relieved.

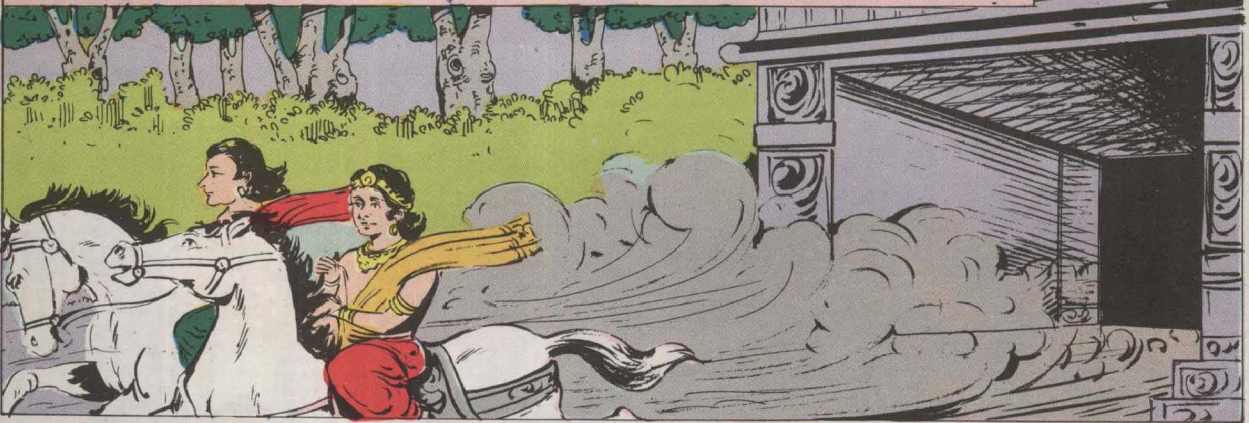
On the banks of the Ganges Dhanu erected a yajna pavilion. During the day it was used as a charity home and during the night a tunnel was being dug there. Soon a secret passage from the pavilion to the shellac-house was ready.



On an auspicious date Brahm-datt was married. With celebrations the new couple entered the shellac house. At midnight the house caught fire and soon the flames enveloped it. Panic spread all around.

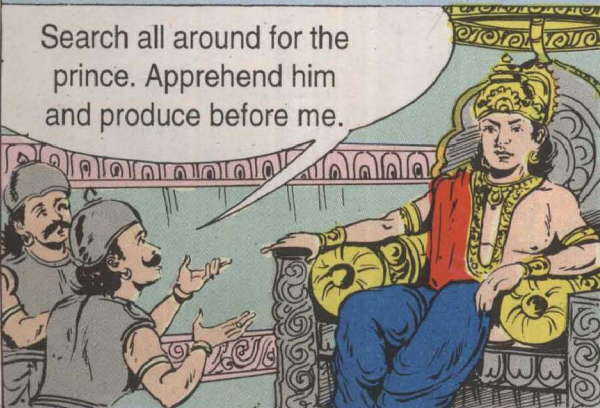


Varadhanu had already warned the prince. At the first opportunity they entered the tunnel, came to the yajna pavilion, took two horses and galloped towards the forest.



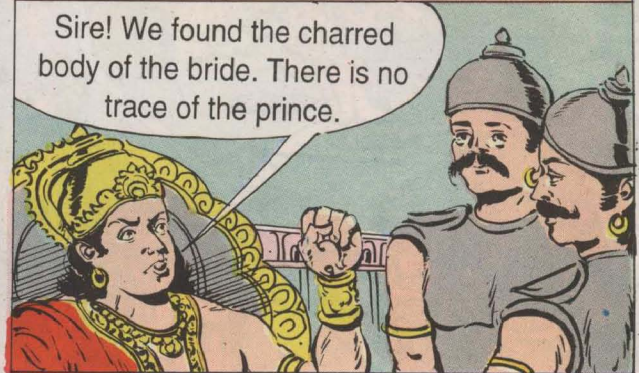
The servants searched the remains of the house and reported—

Search all around for the prince. Apprehend him and produce before me.



Cunning Deergharaj at once realized that Brahm-datt had escaped. He ordered the servants—

Sire! We found the charred body of the bride. There is no trace of the prince.



Riding the horses Varadhanu and Brahm-datt went far from Kampilpur. When the horses dropped dead with exhaustion they continued their journey on feet throughout the night. In the morning Varadhanu said—

Prince! The cruel soldiers of the king are sure to follow us. We should disguise ourselves.



After disguising themselves they continued their journey day and night. Oppressed by hunger and thirst they stopped at a place. Brahm-datt said—

Friend! I cannot walk a step now. My mouth and throat are parched. I am thirsty.

Prince! Please wait here. I will go in search of water.

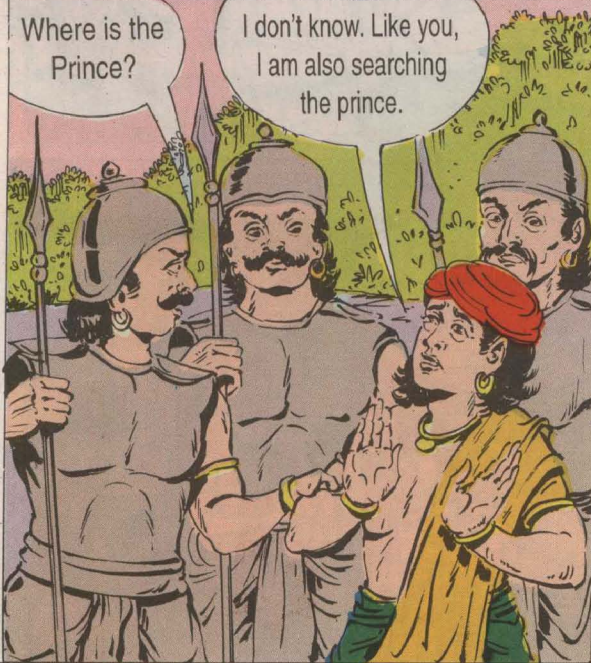


Leaving Brahm-datt there, Varadhanu left in search of water.

While Varadhanu was looking for water the soldiers of Deergharaj found him—

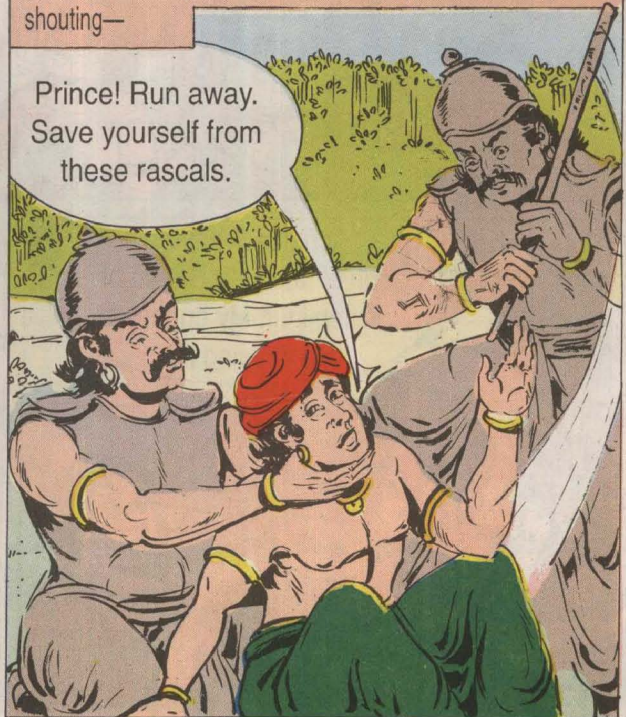
Where is the Prince?

I don't know. Like you, I am also searching the prince.

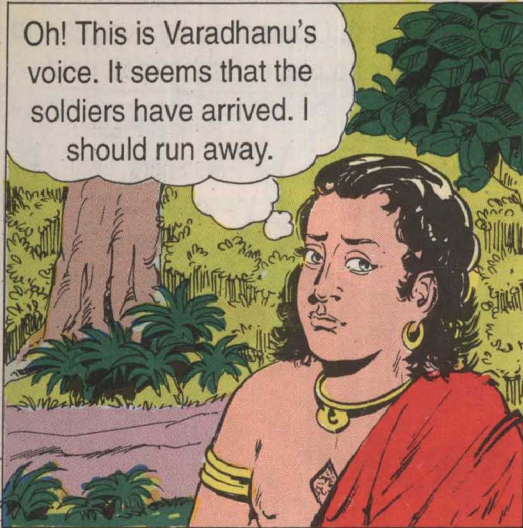


The soldiers caught him and beat him up. Varadhanu started shouting—

Prince! Run away. Save yourself from these rascals.



Oh! This is Varadhanu's voice. It seems that the soldiers have arrived. I should run away.

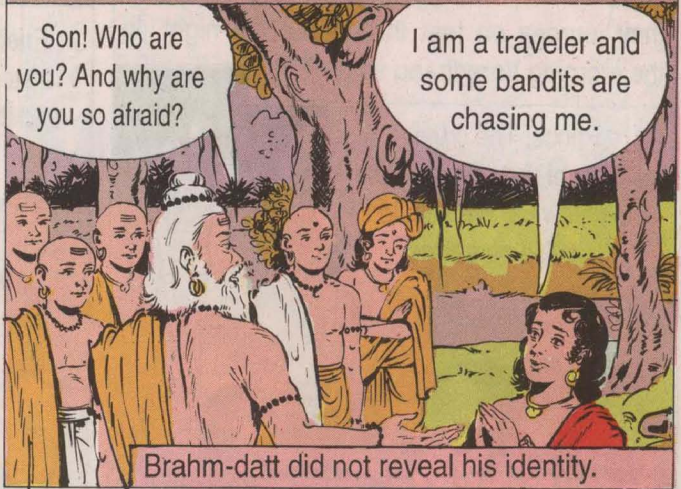


Brahm-datt ran and vanished into the jungle.

Suddenly he arrived at a hermitage. When the rector saw a young boy in miserable condition, he asked—

Son! Who are you? And why are you so afraid?

I am a traveler and some bandits are chasing me.



Brahm-datt did not reveal his identity.

The rector happened to see the Shrivats mark on his chest. He smiled and said—

You are no ordinary traveler. You are an illustrious and able young man. Don't hesitate to tell me who you are. I will help you.



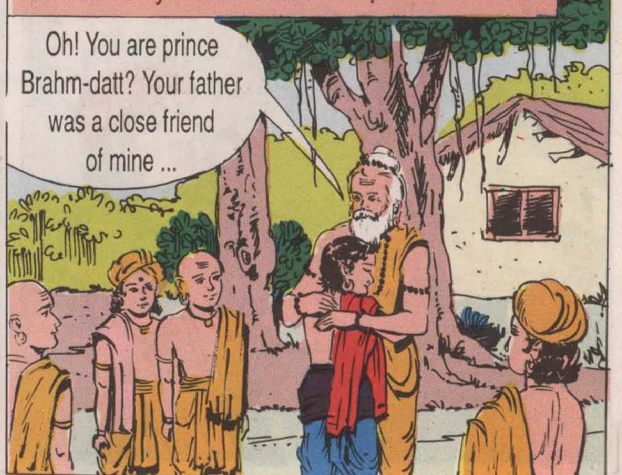
The prince said—

Acharya! I am the son of late king Brahm of Kampilpur. My enemies are chasing me.



The Acharya embraced the prince—

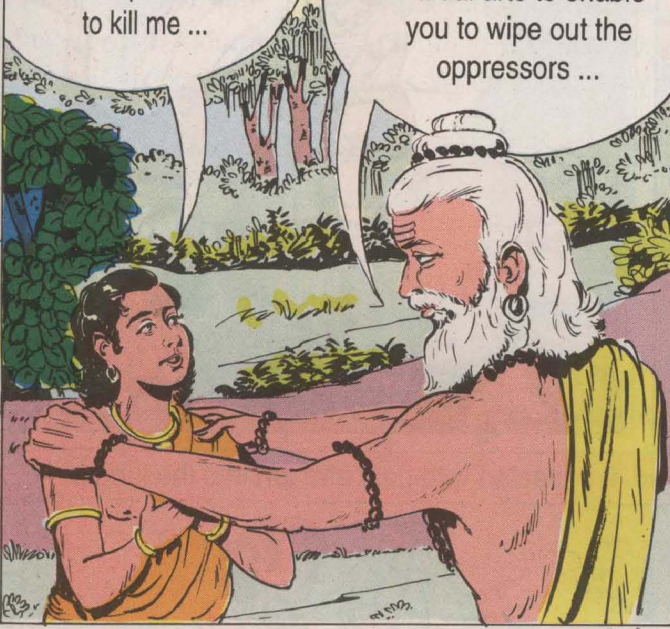
Oh! You are prince Brahm-datt? Your father was a close friend of mine ...



Brahm-datt told his story and added—

Sir! Rascal
Deergharaj is mean
and corrupt. He wants
to kill me ...

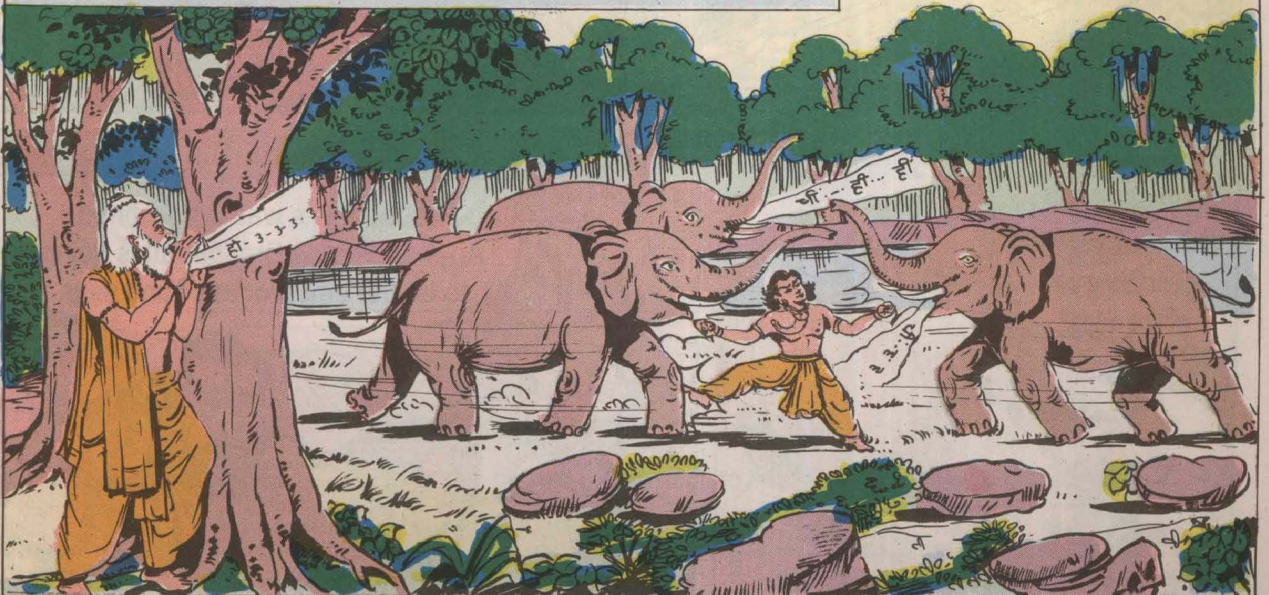
Prince! I will teach you
politics and train you in
martial arts to enable
you to wipe out the
oppressors ...



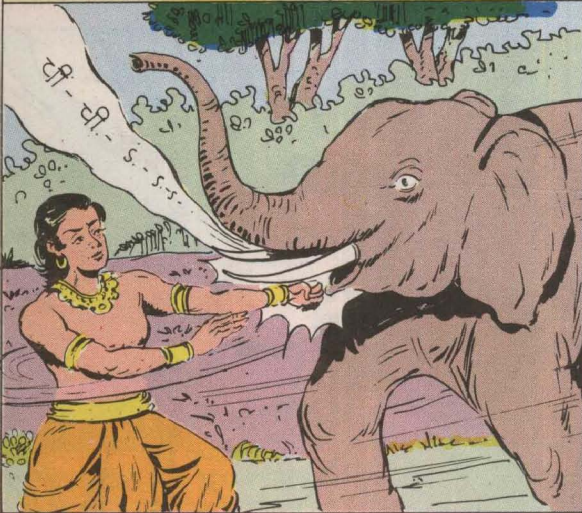
The acharya trained Brahm-datt in
politics, martial arts, and warfare. Many
years of hard work made Brahm-datt a
great warrior.



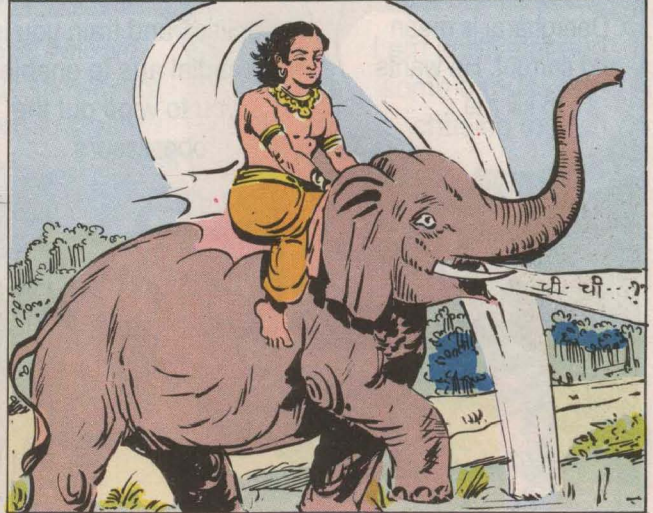
One day the acharya took Brahm-datt into a dense forest to test his abilities. Leaving Brahm-datt alone near a lake he excused himself on some pretext. He hid behind a tree and gave a loud elephant-call. A herd of wild elephants rushed towards the lake and attacked Brahm-datt, who fought them alone bravely.



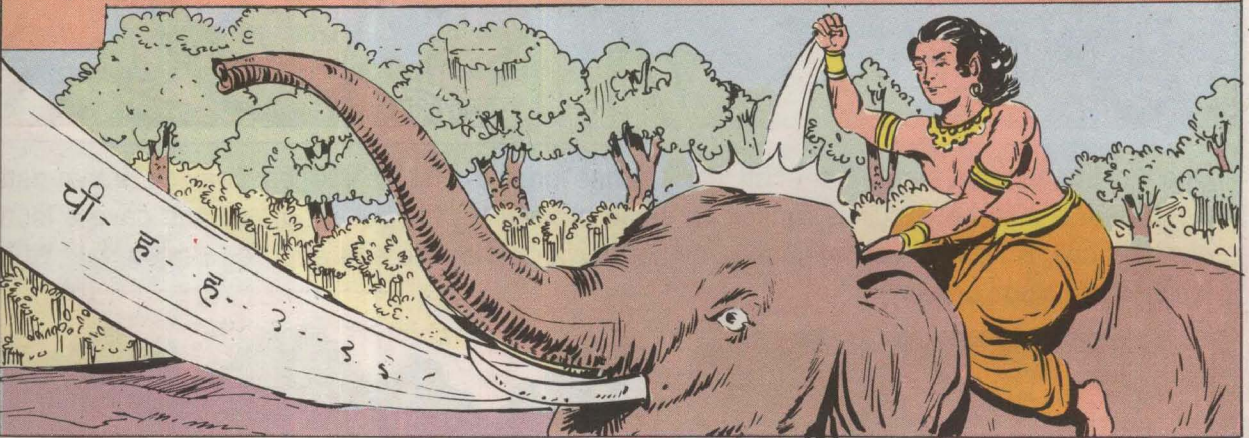
A giant mad elephant tried to gore Brahm-datt with its sharp tusks.



An expert elephant tamer, Brahm-datt jumped like a monkey and landed on the back of the giant.

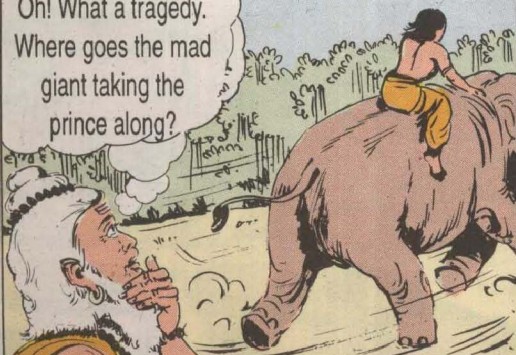


He gave a mighty blow on the elephant's head. It squealed with pain and ran into the jungle



The acharya looked agape—

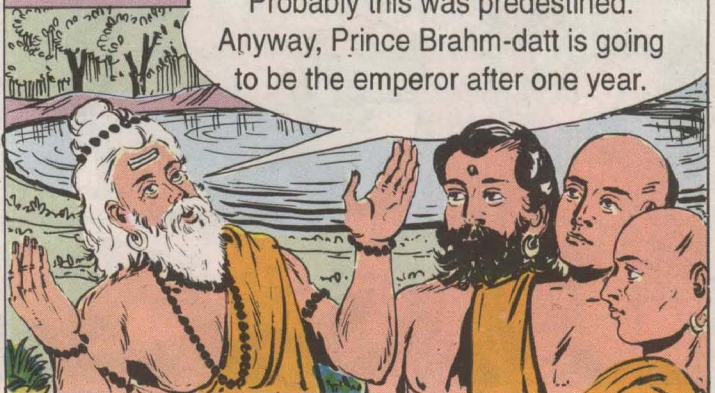
Oh! What a tragedy.
Where goes the mad
giant taking the
prince along?



And he sent some hermits in search.

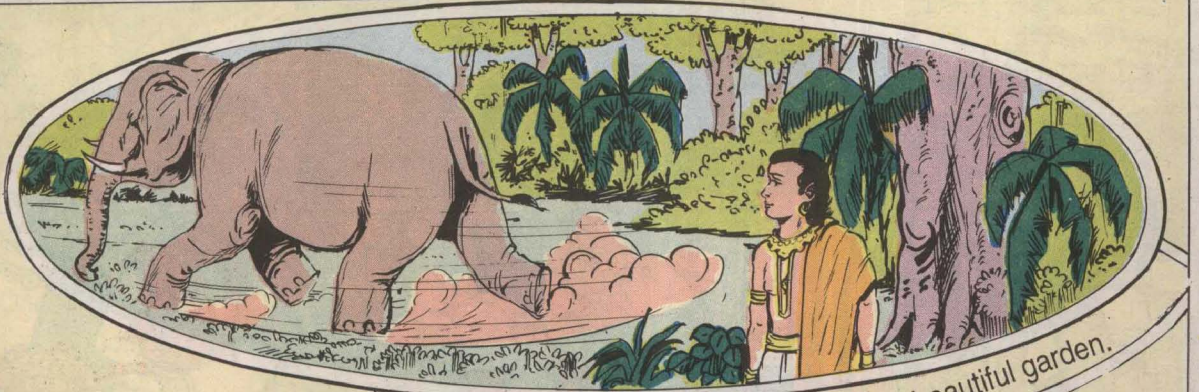
But they all returned disappointed. The acharya said sadly—

Probably this was predestined.
Anyway, Prince Brahm-datt is going
to be the emperor after one year.



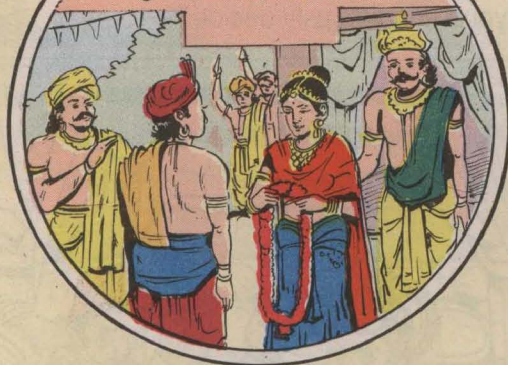
REAP WHAT YOU SOW

The mad elephant took the prince into a garden. The prince bathed in a pond, plucked and ate some fruits, and moved towards inhabited areas. Wherever he went he astonished people with his enchanting personality and brilliance. As the fame of his valour, bravery, and benevolence spread far and near, many princesses got married to him. But he did not stop anywhere. He continued his journey after informing—"I have to collect enough wealth, power and army to regain my kingdom of Kampilpur. When you get my call, please come to my assistance."



The mad elephant took the prince into a beautiful garden.

Many princesses
got married to him.



I have to collect wealth, power and army to win back
Kampilpur. When you get my call, please join me.

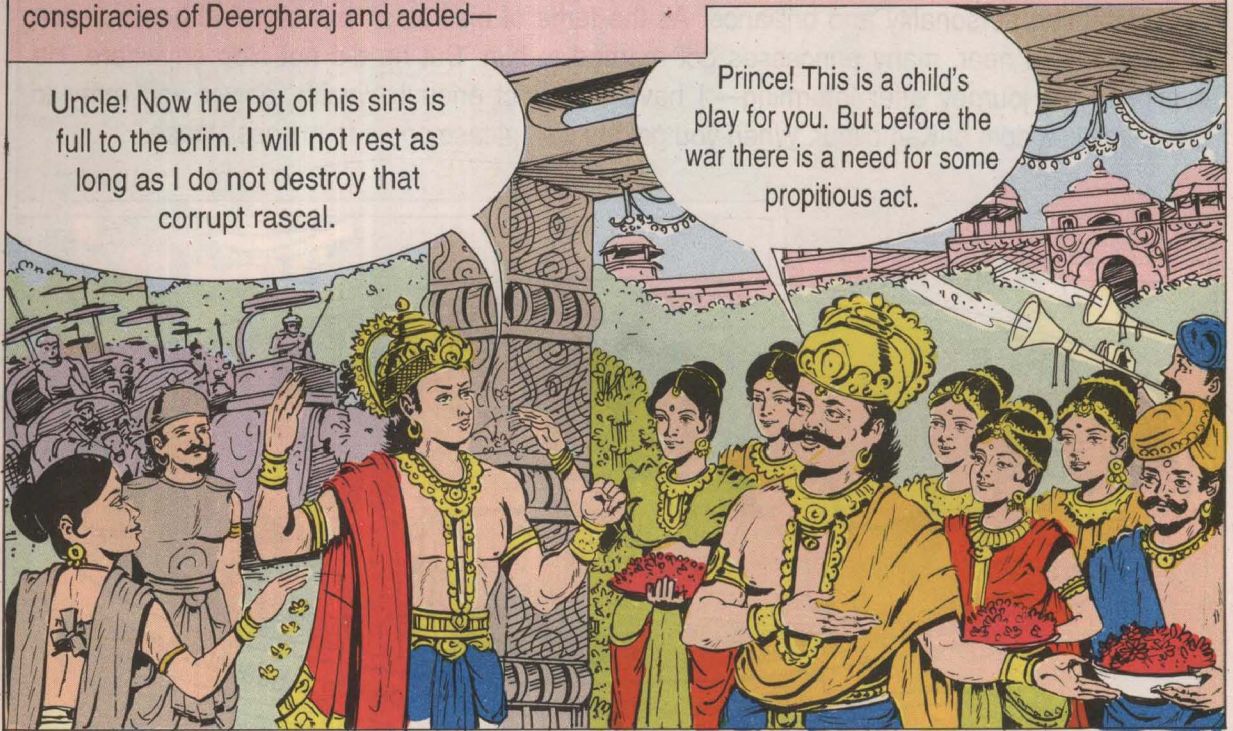


REAP WHAT YOU SOW

One day Brahm-datt reached Kashi. The ruler of Kashi himself came out of the city to welcome him. The king was highly impressed by his personality and his large army. Brahm-datt told him about the conspiracies of Deergharaj and added—

Uncle! Now the pot of his sins is full to the brim. I will not rest as long as I do not destroy that corrupt rascal.

Prince! This is a child's play for you. But before the war there is a need for some propitious act.



The king called his daughter Kanakvati and said—

This is my daughter Kanakvati. I had promised my friend and your father, King Brahm, that I will marry her to you.

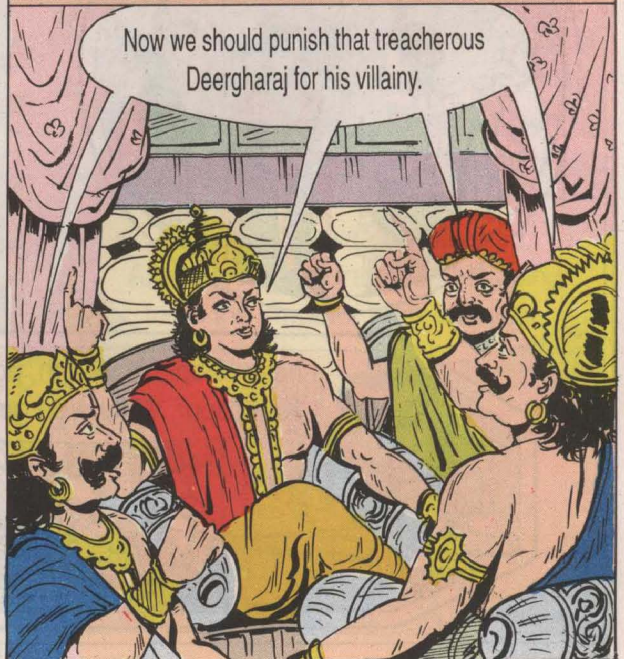
Uncle! It is my duty to honour the wishes of my elders. Please proceed.



Getting this news, minister Dhanu and his son, Varadhanu, also arrived.

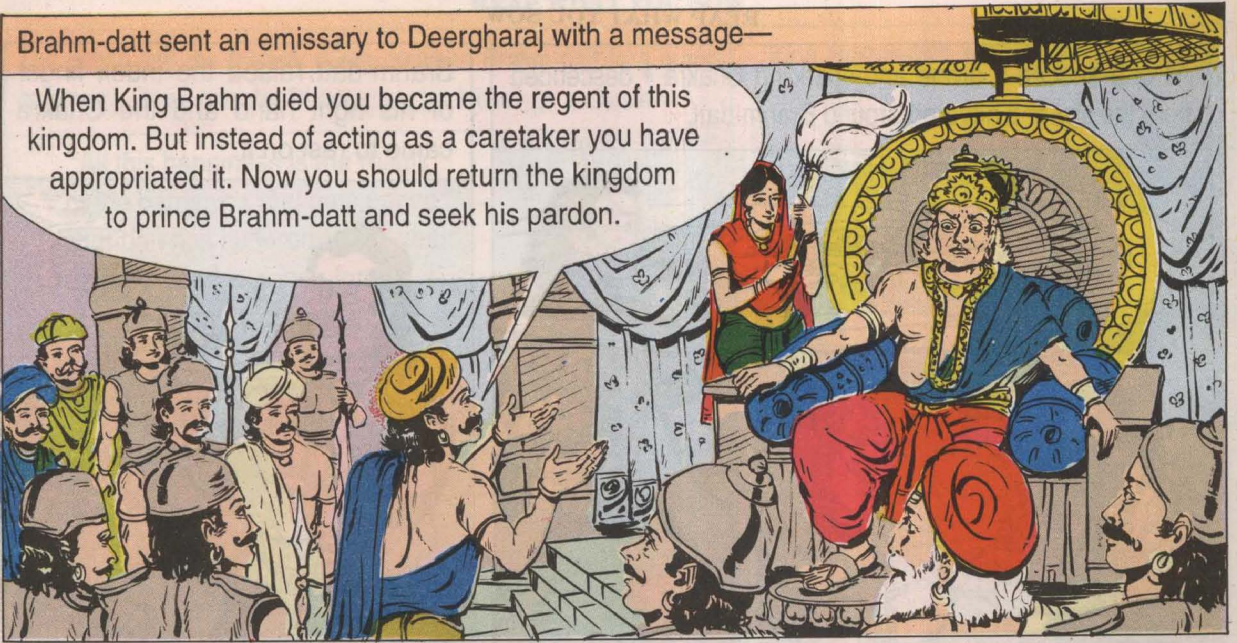
Brahm-datt and Kanakvati were married. Later everyone unanimously decided—

Now we should punish that treacherous Deergharaj for his villainy.



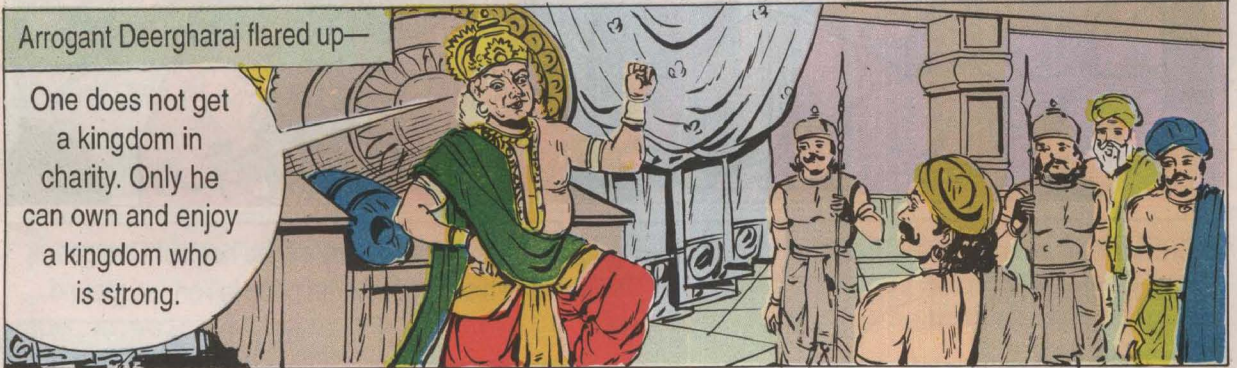
Brahm-datt sent an emissary to Deergharaj with a message—

When King Brahm died you became the regent of this kingdom. But instead of acting as a caretaker you have appropriated it. Now you should return the kingdom to prince Brahm-datt and seek his pardon.

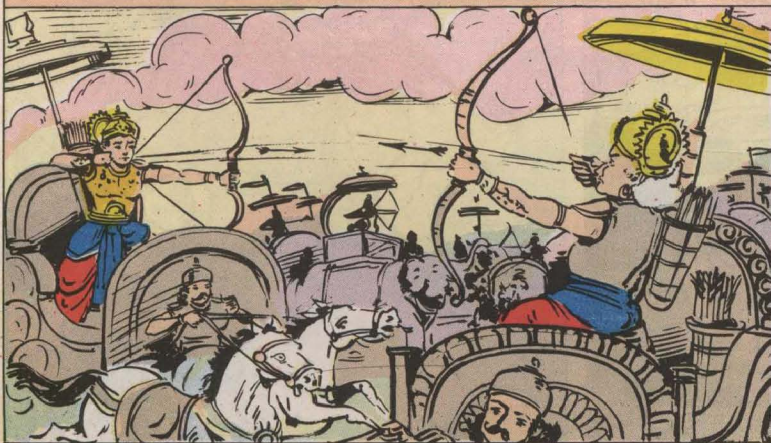


Arrogant Deergharaj flared up—

One does not get a kingdom in charity. Only he can own and enjoy a kingdom who is strong.



Eventually the armies of the two adversaries fought a bitter war. Brahm-datt was not only a great warrior he also had the power of justice with him. He plundered Deergharaj's army.

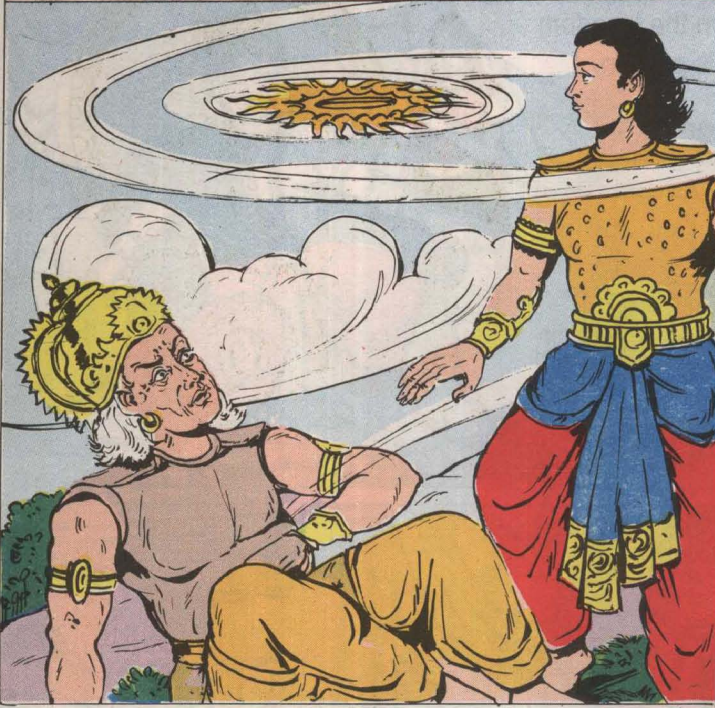


Consumed by anger, Deergharaj grappled with Brahm-datt.



All of a sudden a divine and sparkling Chakra # descended from the sky and hovered around Brahm-datt.

Brahm-datt raised the index finger of his right hand and the Chakra came to rest on it.



Brahm-datt whirled the Chakra and launched it at Deergharaj.

The whirling Chakra slit the neck of Deergharaj and his dismembered body fell on the ground.

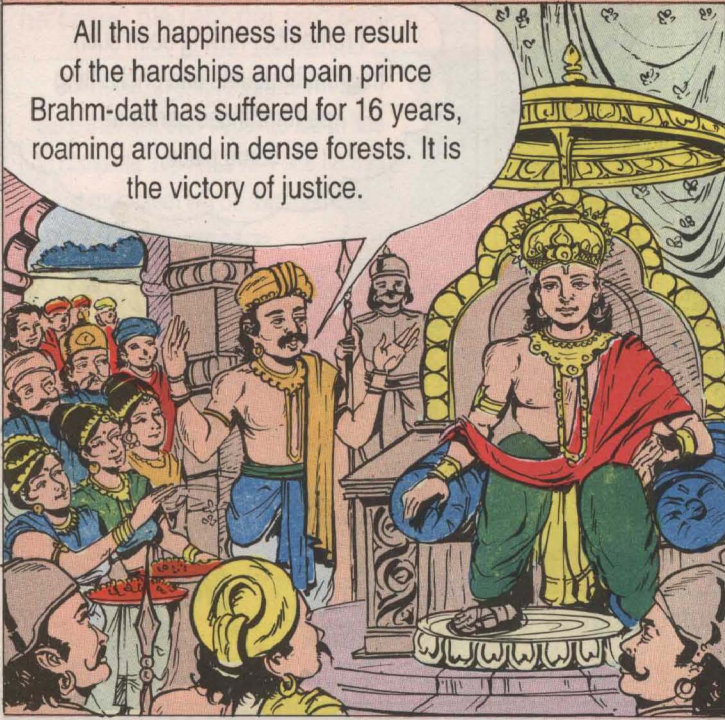
Go! Slit that source of sin and treachery.



Chakra = disc-weapon.

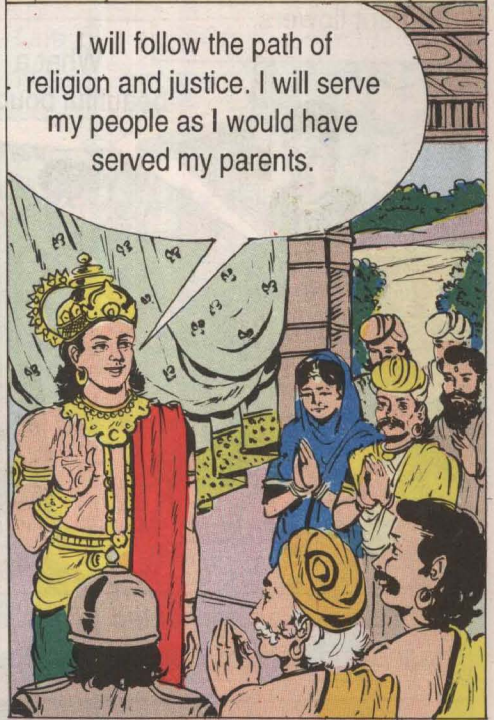
The public and the friendly rulers crowned Brahm-datt in a grand ceremony. Prime minister Dhanu gave his blessings and said—

All this happiness is the result of the hardships and pain prince Brahm-datt has suffered for 16 years, roaming around in dense forests. It is the victory of justice.

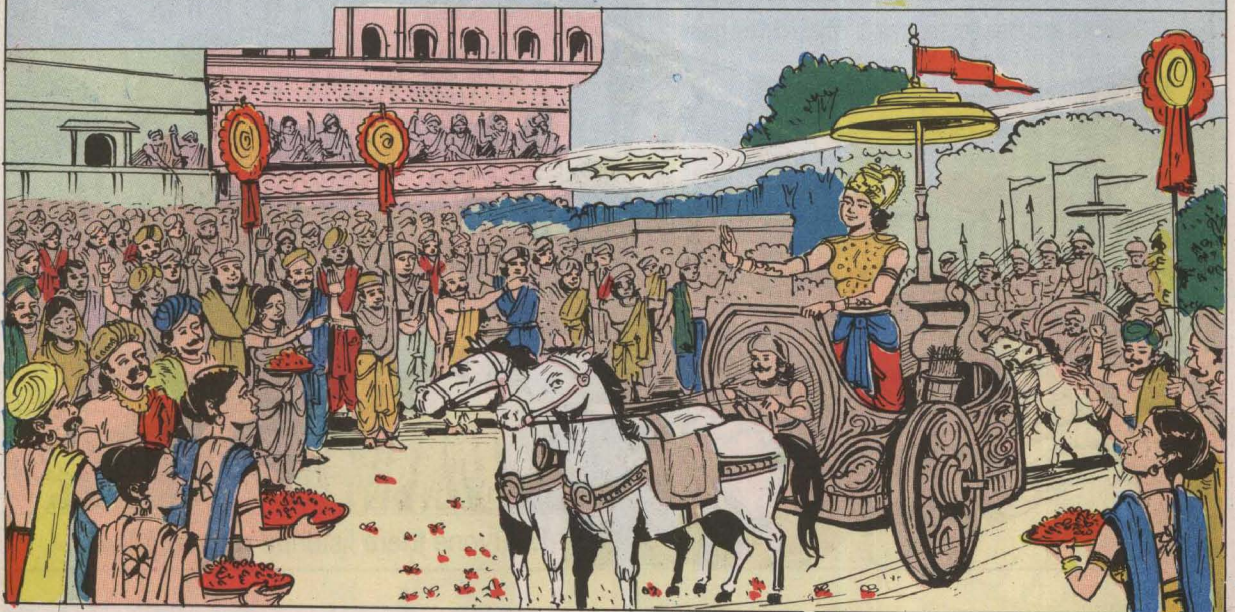


King Brahm-datt accepted the greetings and said—

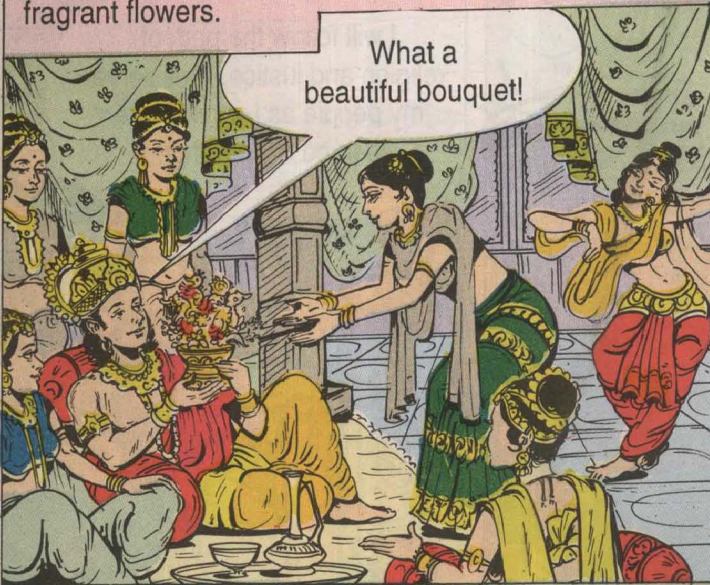
I will follow the path of religion and justice. I will serve my people as I would have served my parents.



The exemplary valour and policy of justice of King Brahm-datt inspired hundreds of kingdoms to join his empire. A few years later he commenced the victory march of the Bharat area. During this 16 year march he faced many wars and battles. At last he returned to Kampilpur as Chakravarti Brahm-datt.



One day Emperor Brahm-datt was enjoying music and dance with his queens, sitting in his private hall of entertainment. A maid offered him a bouquet of fragrant flowers.



Brahm-datt was enchanted by the beautiful shapes of swans and deer, made within the bouquet.

He looked at those shapes time and again with astonishment. When he focussed he felt—



Brahm-datt was lost into the memories of the past. He remembered some incidents and fell unconscious. When he regained normalcy he mumbled as if in a trance—

Slaves in Dasharnapur, we became deer in Kalinjar, swans on the banks of the Ganges, Chandals in Kashi, divine beings in heavens and then got separated. Where did we go?



Everyone there listened with surprise.

When the emperor regained his composure he called his reporter and said—

Go! make an announcement in the state that whoever adds the fourth line to complete this verse (the one he had just mumbled) will be awarded one lac gold coins.



In every street of every village and city people started reciting the verse but no one could add the fourth line. One day a gardener rushed into the assembly and said—

Sire! I have found the fourth line.

Recite!



The gardener recited the fourth line.

The emperor was astonished. He asked the gardener—

Have you completed this verse?

No Sire! I am not the poet.



An ascetic came into my garden and stood in meditation under a tree. I was mumbling the verse while working in the garden when I heard him say—

"This is our sixth birth. The brothers have been separated."

Indeed! this must be the fourth line.



The joyous emperor took out his necklace and rings and rewarded the gardener—

You have obliged me. Come, take me to the ascetic. I want to pay homage ...

Brahm-datt went into the garden. The moment he saw the ascetic he was filled with brotherly love. He fell at the ascetic's feet—

Brother! My dear brother!

Everyone around was surprised at this display. The empress asked—

My lord! What has happened to you? So deep a love for the ascetic. How can he be your brother?

It is beyond you. During last five births we were real brothers and we shared moments of happiness and sorrow.

The group exclaimed in unison—

Sire! Please tell us the story. We are bursting with curiosity.

My voice has choked. I am unable to speak. You listen to the tale from the revered one.

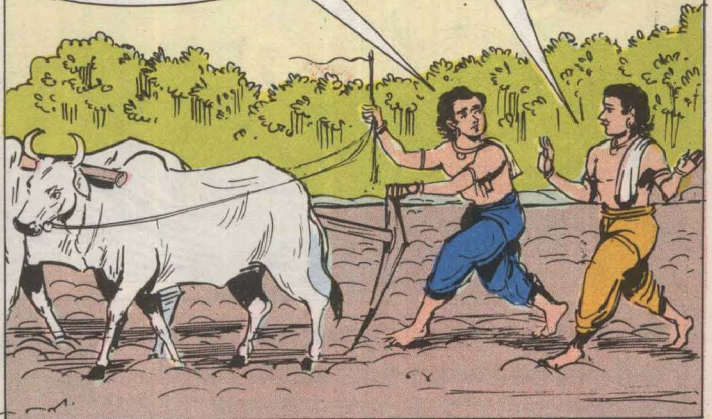
Accordingly they urged the ascetic to tell the story. He started—Five incarnations before this, in the house of a Brahmin in Dasharnpur lived two sons of a maid servant. They worked hard throughout the day ...



One day the two brothers were tilling the field. After the day's hard labour the younger brother said—

Brother! I am so tired that I cannot return home ...

Come, we shall sleep in the shade of a tree for some time and regain strength ...



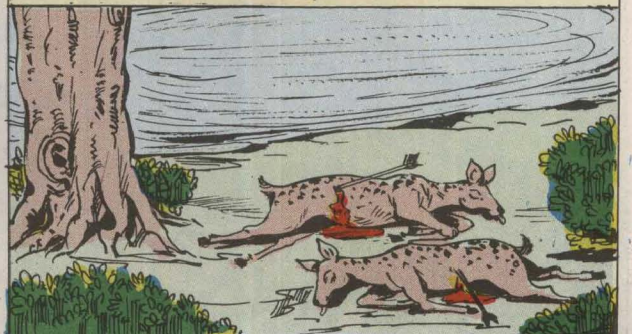
The two brothers went and slept under a tree. After some time a black snake came out of its hole and bit them. They died at once.



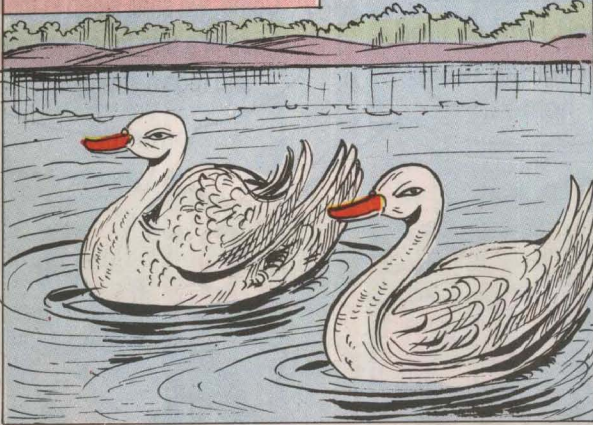
They reincarnated as deer in the valley of Kalinjar mountain.



Once when they approached a river bank for water a hunter shot arrows at them. The two little deer died on the spot.



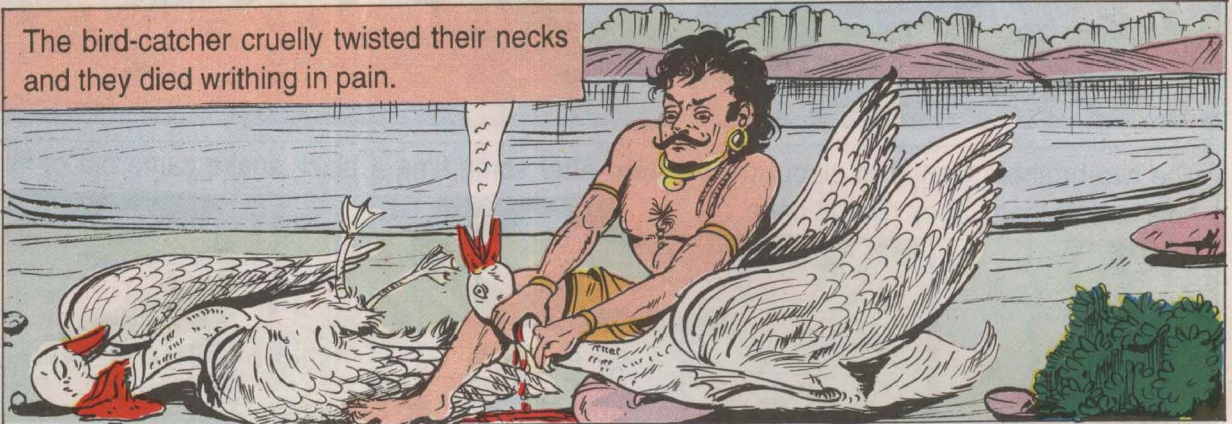
They now reincarnated as swans at the banks of the Ganges and playfully swam around in a lake.



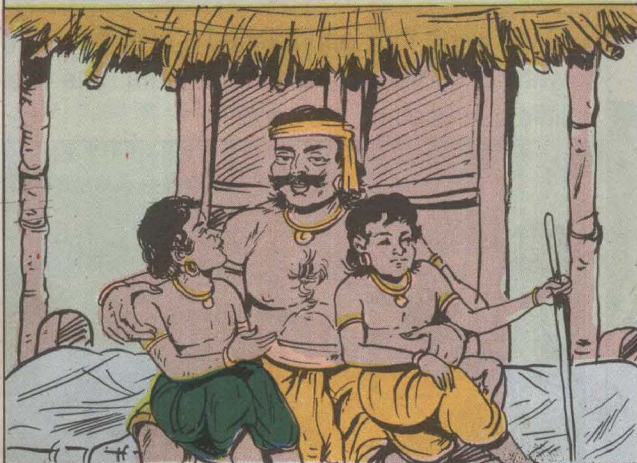
One day a bird-catcher cast his net and the two swans were caught.



The bird-catcher cruelly twisted their necks and they died writhing in pain.

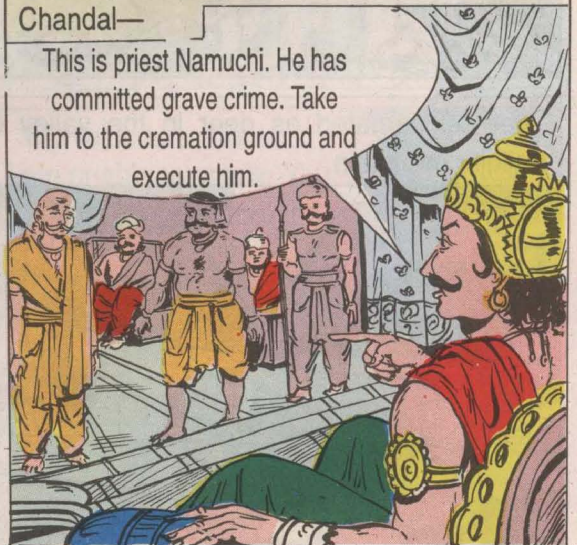


The next birth was as sons of a Chandal # in Varanasi. The elder was named Chitt and the younger Sambhoot.



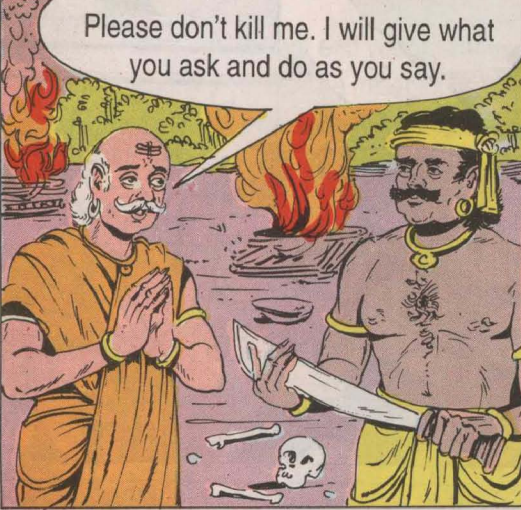
One day the king of Varanasi instructed the Chandal—

This is priest Namuchi. He has committed grave crime. Take him to the cremation ground and execute him.



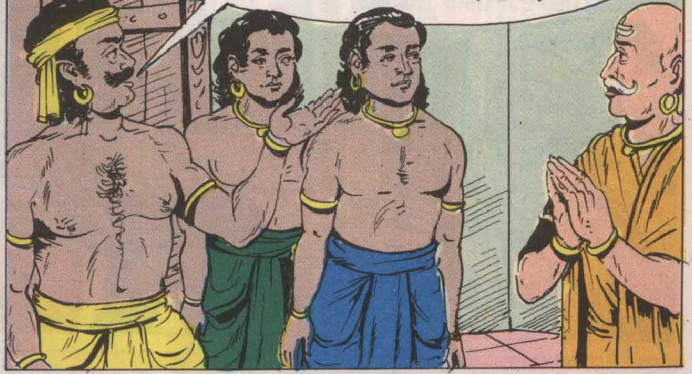
At the cremation ground Namuchi beseeched—

Please don't kill me. I will give what you ask and do as you say.

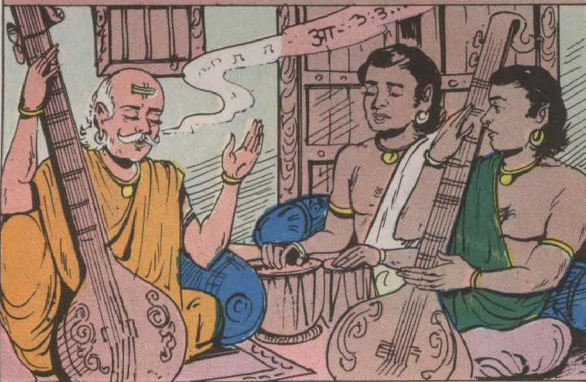


The Chandal thought a little and said—

I love my two sons more than my life. If you agree to make them masters of performing arts like music and dance I will spare you.

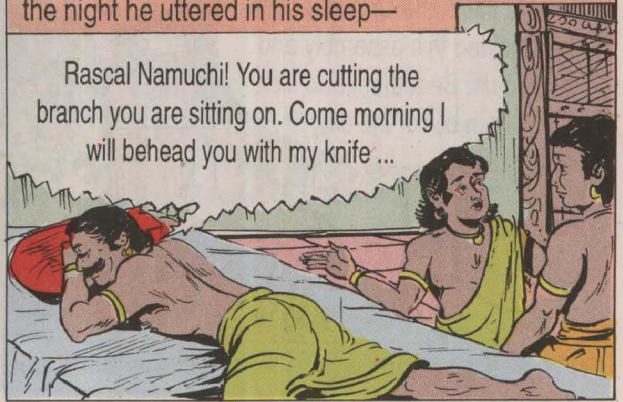


Namuchi started the training of the two boys and soon they became experts.



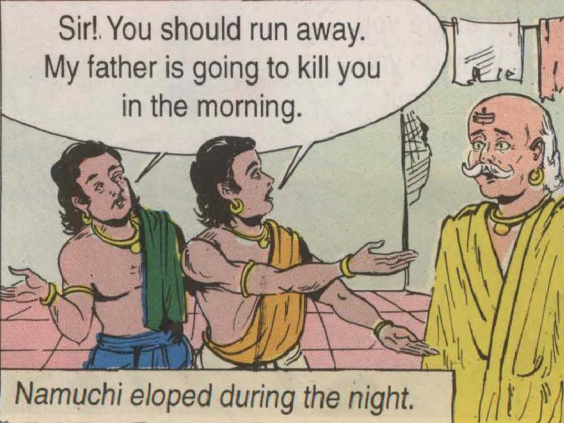
One day the Chandal saw his wife in compromising position with Namuchi. He lost his temper. During the night he uttered in his sleep—

Rascal Namuchi! You are cutting the branch you are sitting on. Come morning I will behead you with my knife ...



The two brothers trembled with fear when they listened this. They came to Namuchi and said—

Sir! You should run away. My father is going to kill you in the morning.



Namuchi eloped during the night.

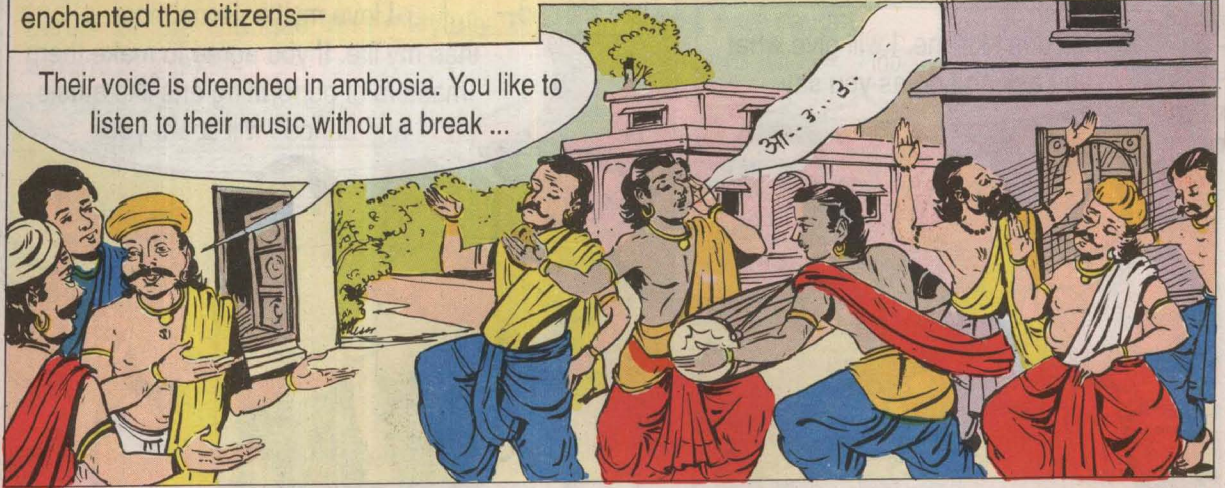
Wandering around he arrived at Hastinapur. Pleased with his knowledge and wisdom Sanatkumar Chakravarti said—

Since this day Namuchi will be the prime minister of the state.



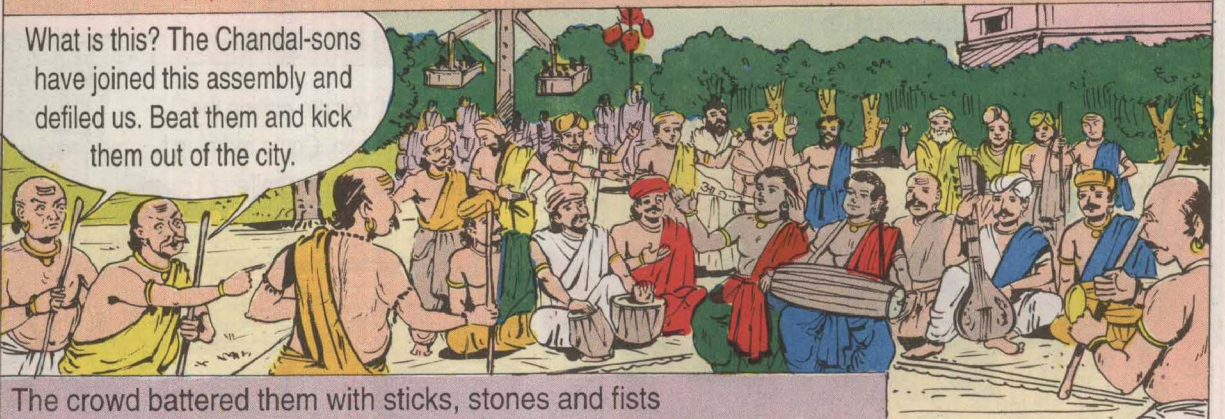
Chitt and Sambhoot roamed around the city singing and playing instruments. Their melodies enchanted the citizens—

Their voice is drenched in ambrosia. You like to listen to their music without a break ...



At a large fete once many expert dancers and musicians from far and near assembled in the city. The two Chandal-sons also joined the artists and started performing. The audience was enthralled. Suddenly some Brahmins came with sticks in their hands—

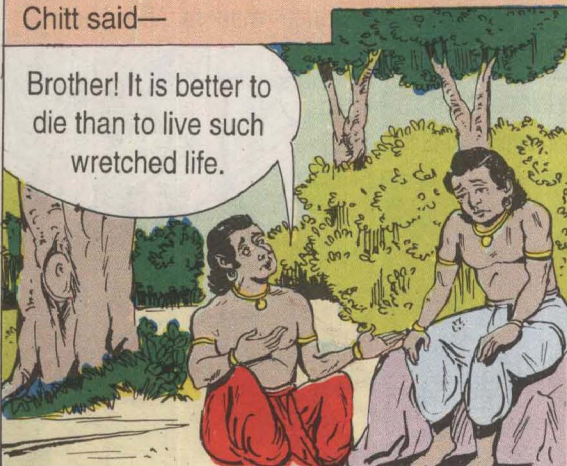
What is this? The Chandal-sons have joined this assembly and defiled us. Beat them and kick them out of the city.



The crowd battered them with sticks, stones and fists

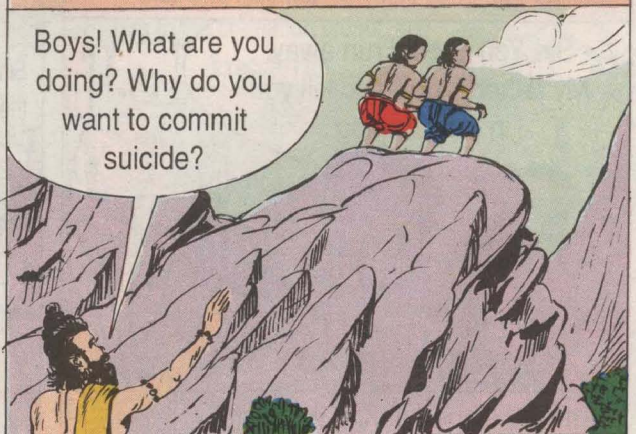
They escaped and hid in a forlorn jungle. Chitt said—

Brother! It is better to die than to live such wretched life.



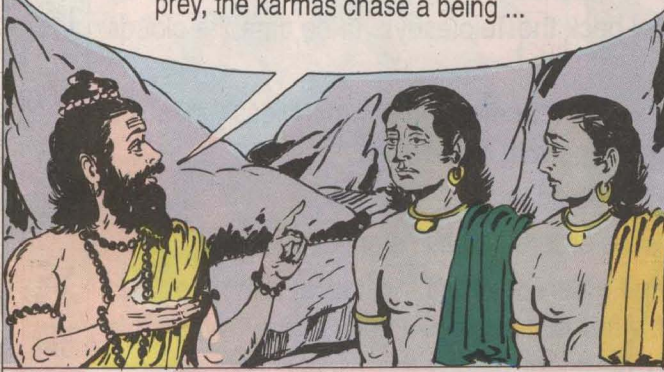
They climbed a hill and prepared to jump to death. Just then a hermit called them—

Boys! What are you doing? Why do you want to commit suicide?



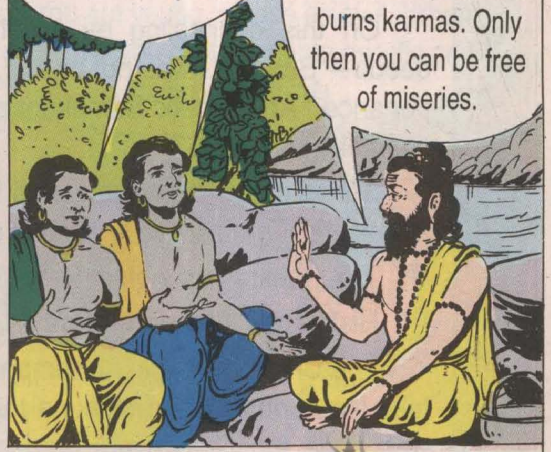
The two brothers nervously told their tale. The hermit pacified them—

Boys! You cannot end your miseries by destroying your body. The miseries will follow you even in your next incarnation. As a hunter chases its prey, the karmas chase a being ...



What do we do?
We are fed up of this miserable life.

Do penance. Do spiritual practices. The fire of penance burns karmas. Only then you can be free of miseries.



Accordingly the two brothers became ascetics and started austerities and meditation in the jungle.

Once the two ascetics arrived at Hastinapur and started their practices in a garden outside the town. Ascetic Sambhoot went into the town to seek alms to break his month long fast. The state priest, Namuchi, who was now the prime minister of Chakravarti Sanatkumar, saw Sambhoot dressed as an ascetic and recognized him—"God! This is the same Chandali-son. If he discloses my identity to the king my secret will be revealed." The minister instructed his guards—"That ascetic wandering on the highway is an impostor and heretic. Apprehend him, beat him up and kick him out of the town." The guards started hitting the austere ascetic with ropes and sticks. Ascetic Sambhoot calmly said—"What is the matter? I have done no crime, why are you hurting me?"

The guards said—"You are an impostor, an heretic, and a Chandali in the garb of an ascetic ...

When the guards did not stop even after repeated requests ascetic Sambhoot lost his temper. He said—"Rascals! You take my serenity and clemency to be cowardice. Just wait." He opened his mouth and Tejoleshya (divine fire power) appeared from it like a fireball. Within a moment the sky was filled with smoke. The guards ran away in fear. But the anger of the ascetic was not pacified. Clouds of smoke emerged from his mouth and spread throughout the city. The citizens started wailing—"Oh god! What has happened? We are being choked. From where is this smoke coming?"

Ascetic Chitt (me) was also meditating there. I saw the leaping flames and clouds of smoke in the sky. I rushed to ascetic Sambhoot—

“Brother! What have you done? Don’t turn your austerities into smoke with the fire of anger. Compassion and peace are the duties of ascetics. Forgive! Calm down! Don’t consume penance by your anger.”

On this counseling by ascetic Chitt, ascetic Sambhoot repented for his deeds—“Brother! I was not myself. The madness of my anger has consumed my penance.” And ascetic Sambhoot drew back the Tejoleshya. In no time the clouds of smoke vanished.

Sanatkumar Chakravarti was informed—“Some soldiers mercilessly beat up an ascetic. That ascetic is burning everything with Tejoleshya.”

The Chakravarti inquired—“Who instigated this?”

His guards informed—“Sire! We were ordered by minister Namuchi.”

The Chakravarti lost his temper and ordered—“Bind this rascal with ropes and take him around the town like a thief. After that bring him back to me.” When this was done the Chakravarti produced Namuchi before the ascetic and asked—“Revered ascetic! The culprit is before you. Tell me how should I punish him?”

Namuchi humbly fell at the feet of ascetic Sambhoot and beseeched—“O compassionate one! Kindly forgive this sinner. Please pardon my crime.”

Ascetic Sambhoot said—“Sire! To pardon a sinner is the duty of an ascetic. Please release him.”

The Chakravarti was impressed by the display of compassion by the ascetic. He paid him homage with sincere devotion.

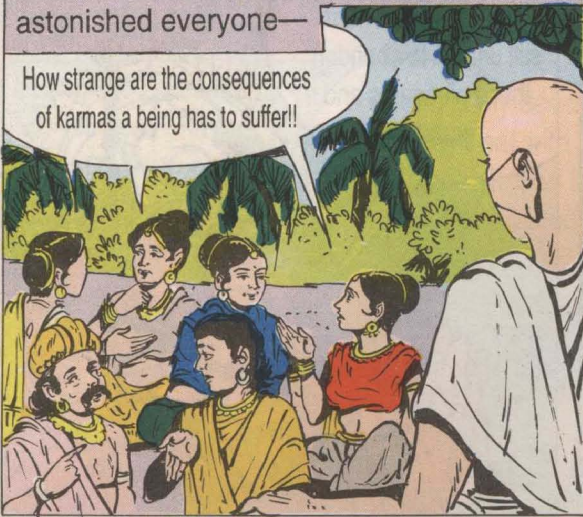
When he saw the large family, beautiful women, and the divine grandeur of the Chakravarti, ascetic Sambhoot was drawn to it. He fancied—“If there is any fruit of my austerities, may I own such unlimited grandeur during my next incarnation.”

Completing their life spans ascetics Chitt and Sambhoot reincarnated as gods in the Nalinigulm Viman (a divine abode). After enjoying the divine pleasures and completing their life spans they descended on the earth. Sambhoot was born as Brahm-datt, the son of king Brahm of Kampilpur. I (Chitt) was born as the son of a merchant in Purimtal city. As the result of my spiritual practices during the earlier incarnation I got detached from the mundane pleasures. I turned an ascetic in my youth. Wandering from one village to another I have arrived in this garden. When I heard the gardener mumbling three lines of the verse I attained the Jati Smaran Jnana (the knowledge of the earlier incarnations) and I could know all about my five earlier births. I at once uttered the fourth line and completed the verse—

“This is our sixth birth. The brothers have been separated.”

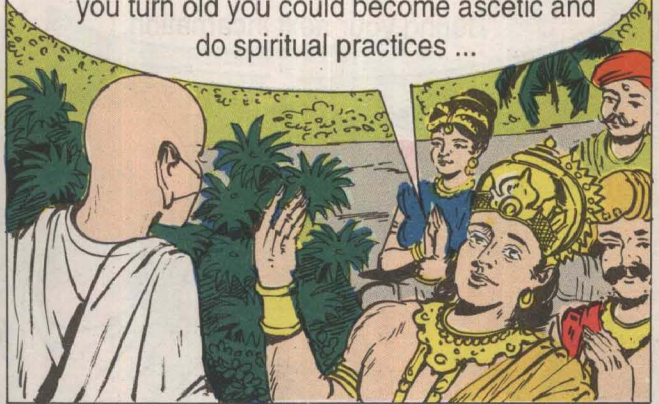
This tale of five births told by the ascetic astonished everyone—

How strange are the consequences of karmas a being has to suffer!!



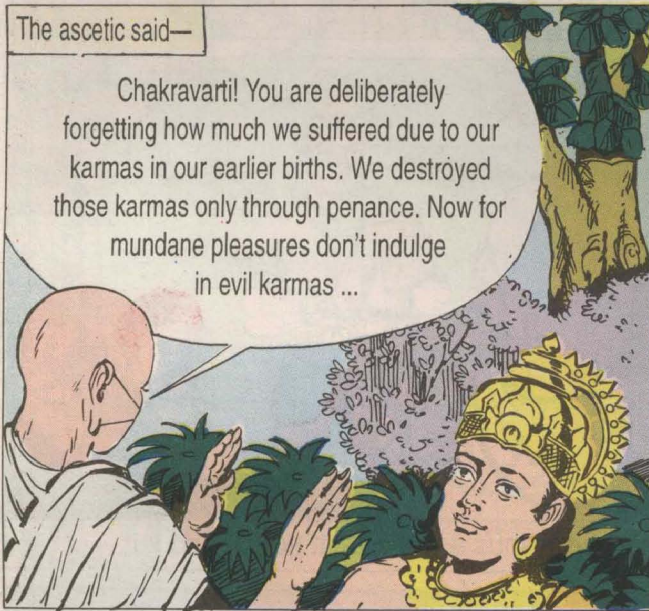
Filled with tender sentiments, the Chakravarti said—

Revered one! All this grandeur is your to ask. You are young, please enjoy it. When you turn old you could become ascetic and do spiritual practices ...



The ascetic said—

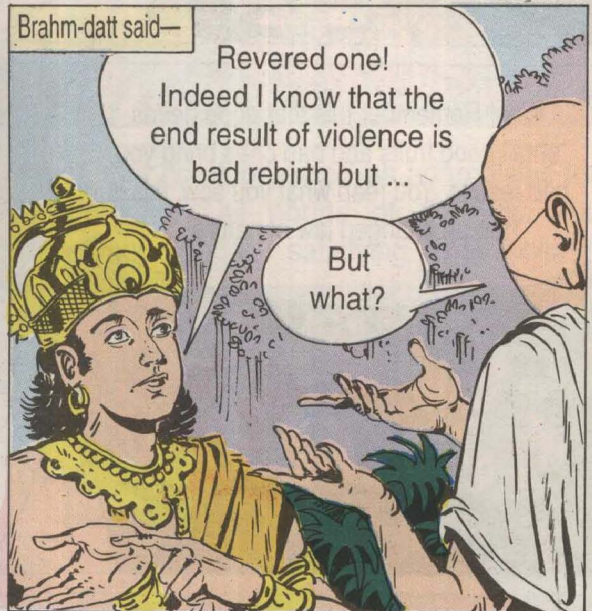
Chakravarti! You are deliberately forgetting how much we suffered due to our karmas in our earlier births. We destroyed those karmas only through penance. Now for mundane pleasures don't indulge in evil karmas ...



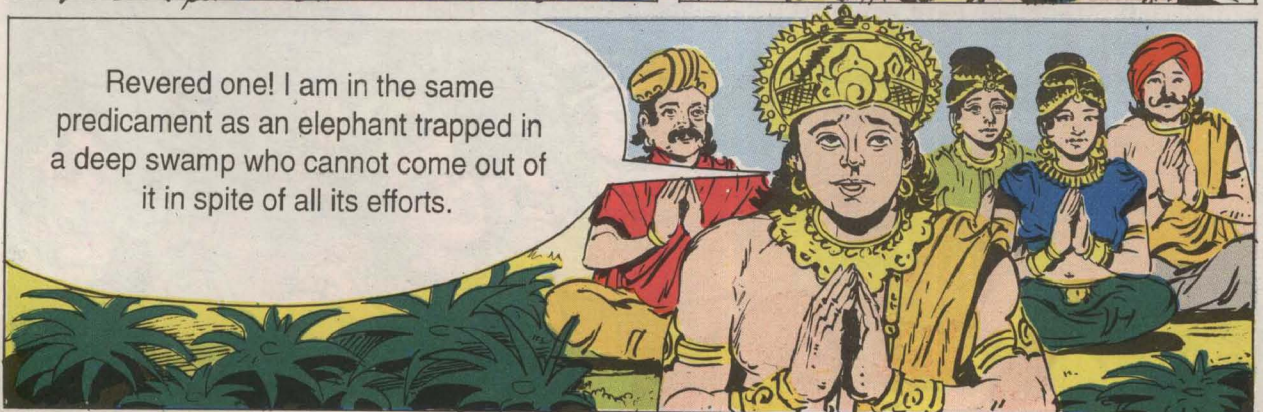
Brahm-datt said—

Revered one!
Indeed I know that the end result of violence is bad rebirth but ...

But what?

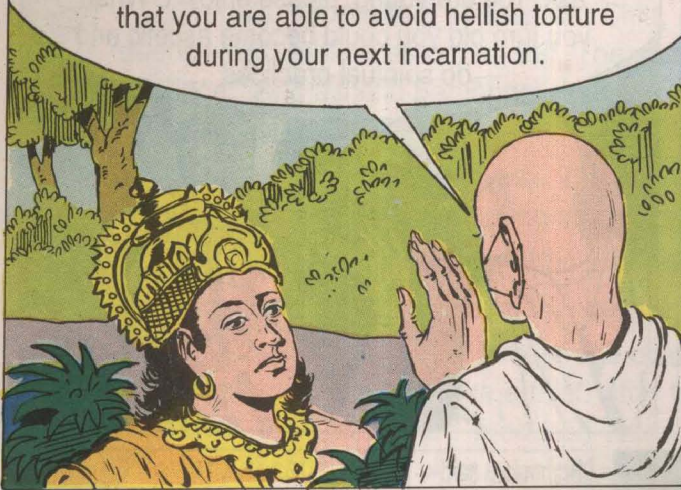


Revered one! I am in the same predicament as an elephant trapped in a deep swamp who cannot come out of it in spite of all its efforts.



The ascetic said—

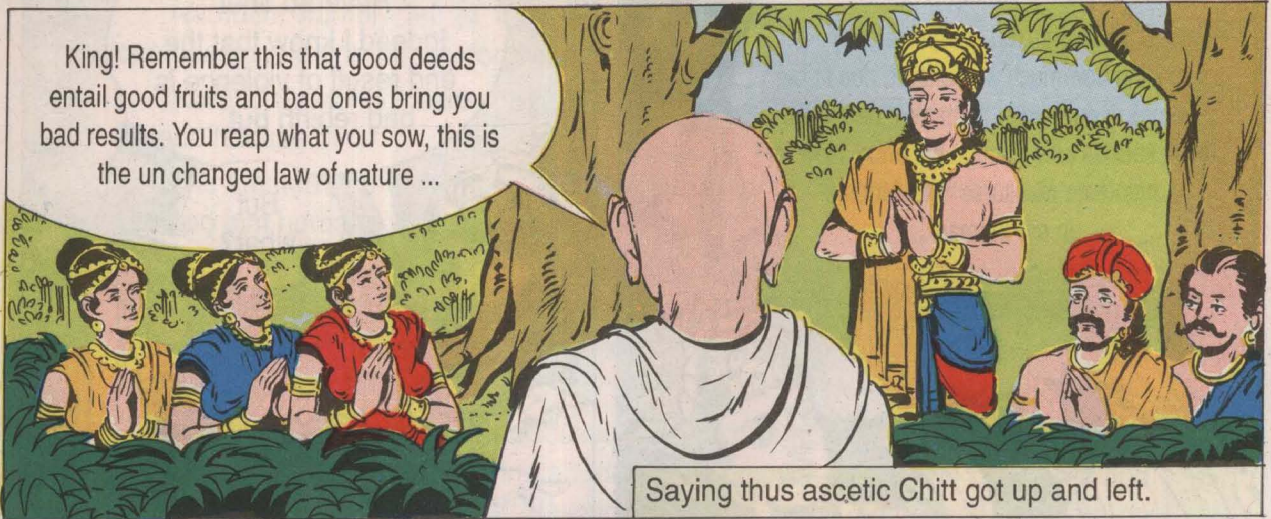
O king! If you cannot abandon these indulgences, at least do pious deeds so that you are able to avoid hellish torture during your next incarnation.



Brother! What you say is true. But I am still unable to abandon these pleasures and grandeur.



King! Remember this that good deeds entail good fruits and bad ones bring you bad results. You reap what you sow, this is the un changed law of nature ...



Saying thus ascetic Chitt got up and left.

Brahm-datt Chakravarti returned to his palace and resumed his regal enjoyments.



Once a Brahmin friend of his father came to the court of Brahm-datt. Pleased by his praise, Brahm-datt said—

Respected sir! What do you need? Please seek what you want.

Sire! It is my desire that today I eat with my family the rich food that has been cooked for you.



The Chakravarti said with surprise—

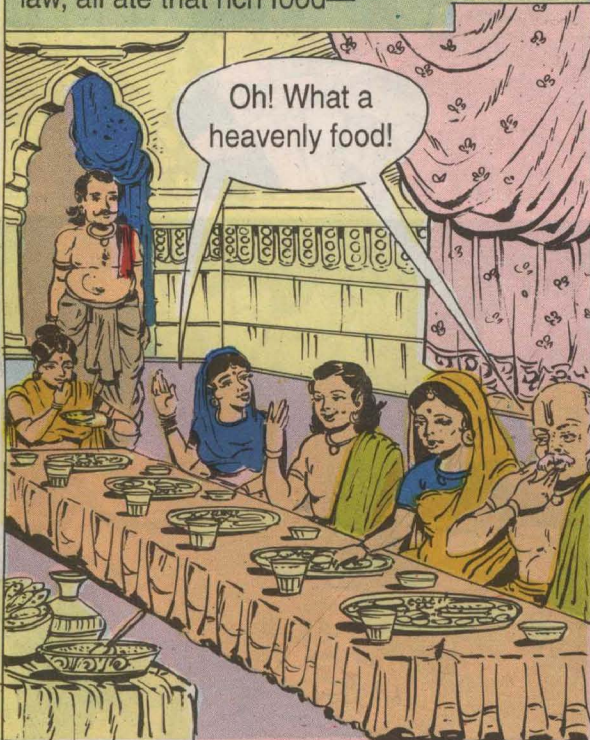
Sir! That food is very heavy and stimulating. You will not be able to digest it. Please ask something else.

Sire! That is what I want.



The Chakravarti issued orders to his cook. The Brahmin, his wife, son and daughter-in-law, all ate that rich food—

Oh! What a heavenly food!



However, that rich food acted as aphrodisiac for them. Forgetting all norms of decency, like animals they began satisfying their carnal desires.

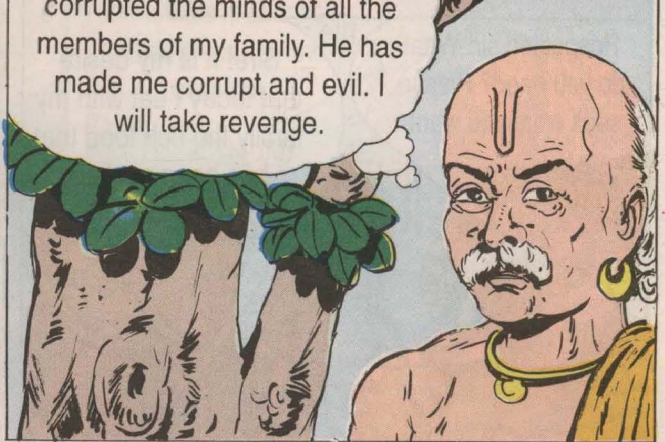


Next morning when they came out of their stupor the Brahmin family felt ashamed of the misdeeds. In self reproach they ran away from each other and into the jungle.

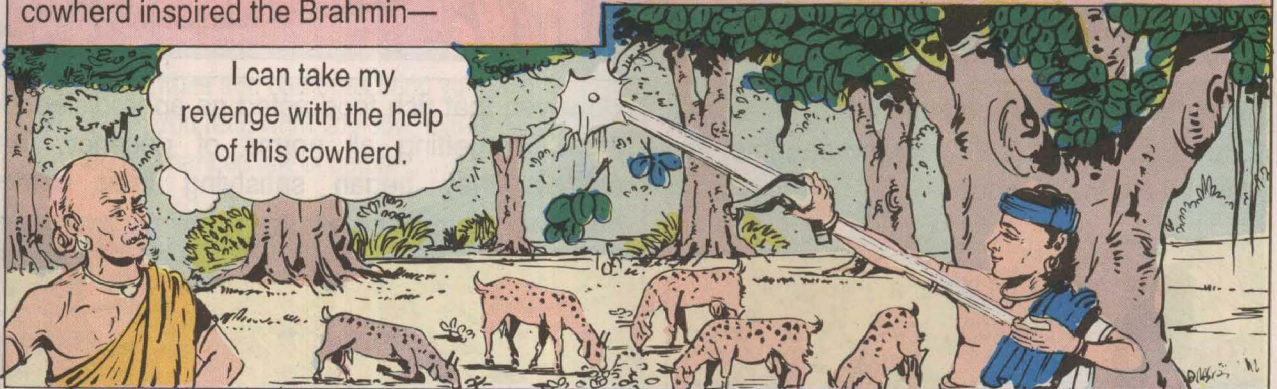


The Brahmin got angry at Brahm-datt—

The evil food of this evil king corrupted the minds of all the members of my family. He has made me corrupt and evil. I will take revenge.

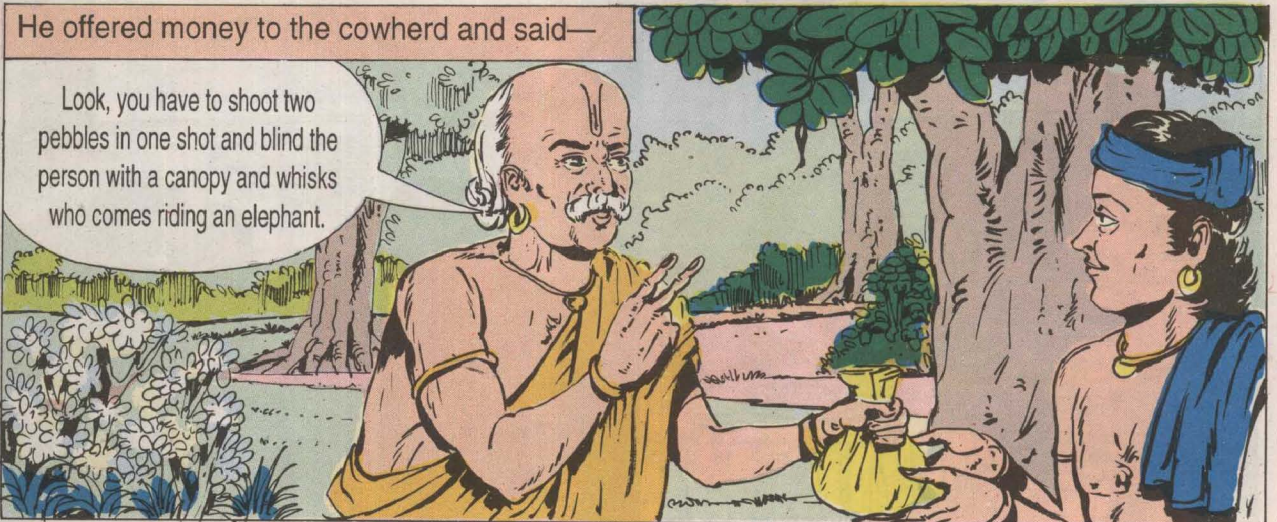


Simmering with vengeance, the Brahmin one day saw a cowherd. The boy was shooting with his sling and bringing down leaves from a tree to feed his goats. The marksmanship of the cowherd inspired the Brahmin—

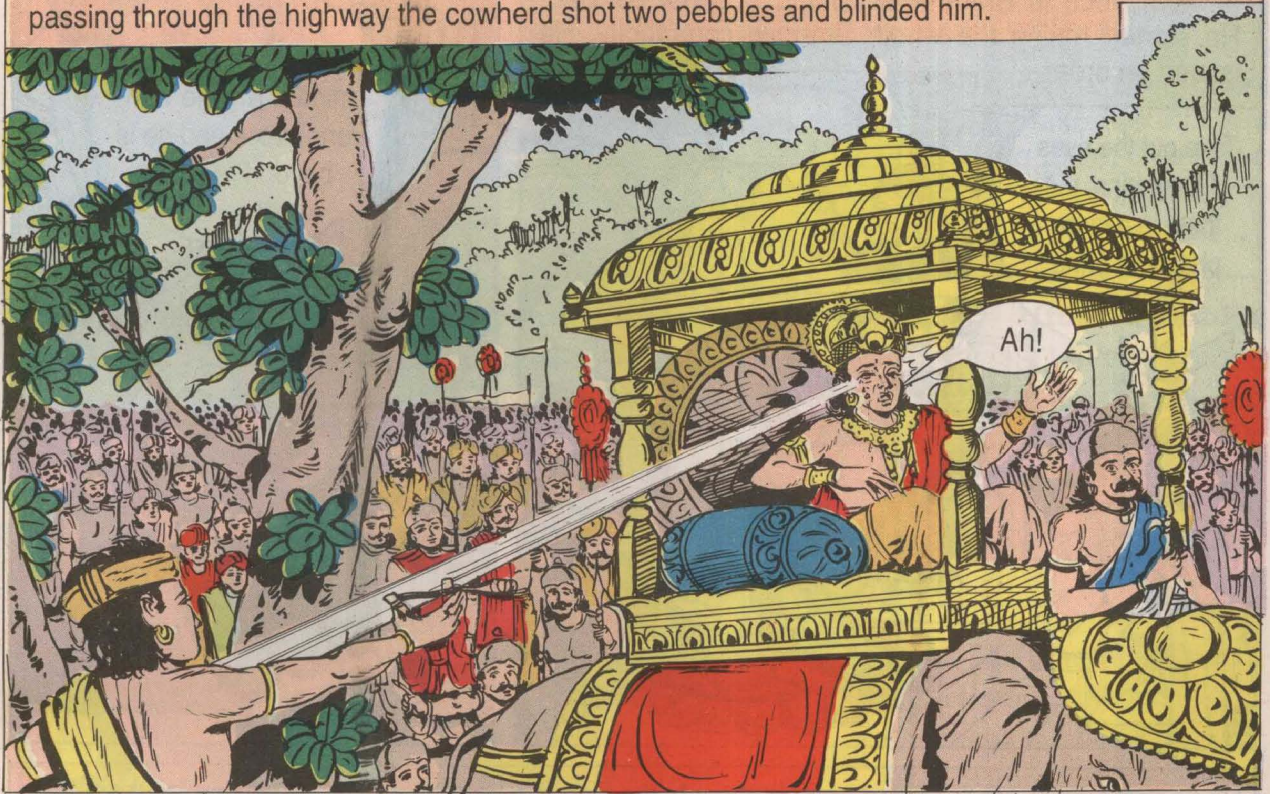


He offered money to the cowherd and said—

Look, you have to shoot two pebbles in one shot and blind the person with a canopy and whisks who comes riding an elephant.

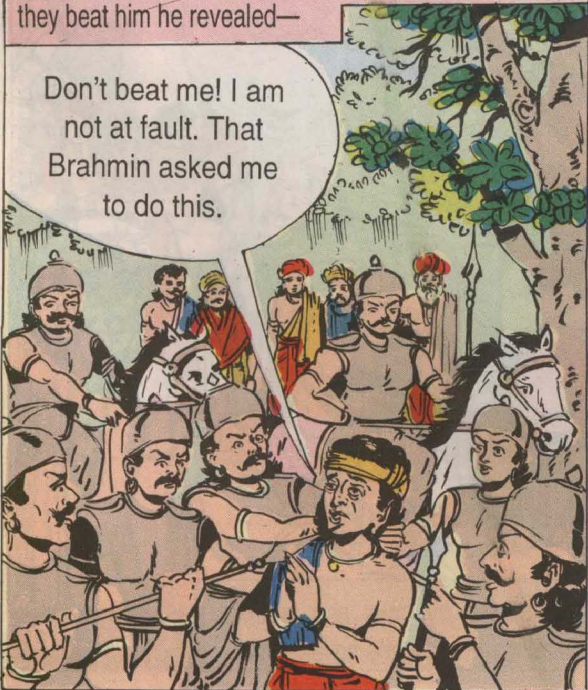


The innocent cowherd was wheedled into the conspiracy. When the Chakravarti's cavalcade was passing through the highway the cowherd shot two pebbles and blinded him.



The guards at once apprehended the cowherd. When they beat him he revealed—

Don't beat me! I am not at fault. That Brahmin asked me to do this.



The guards apprehended the Brahmin and produced him before the Chakravarti. Angry Chakravarti said—

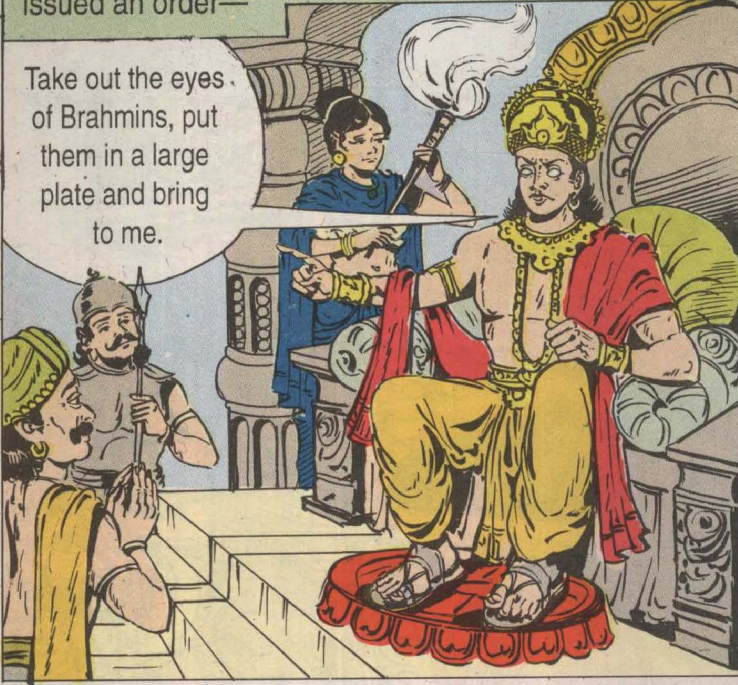
Rascal! you are more venomous than a snake. Deal the harshest punishment to such evil traitor. Kill every member of his family.



REAP WHAT YOU SOW

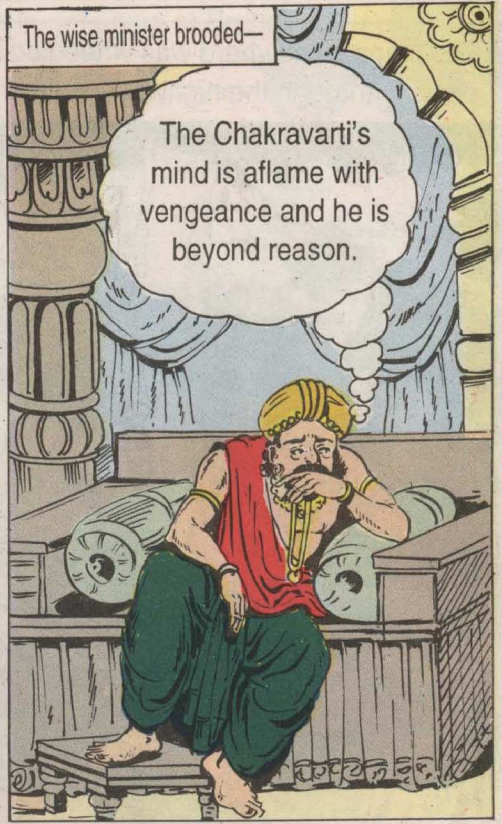
Even after killing the Brahmin family the violent desire of vengeance in Brahm-datt's mind was not pacified. He started hating the whole Brahmin community. He issued an order—

Take out the eyes of Brahmins, put them in a large plate and bring to me.

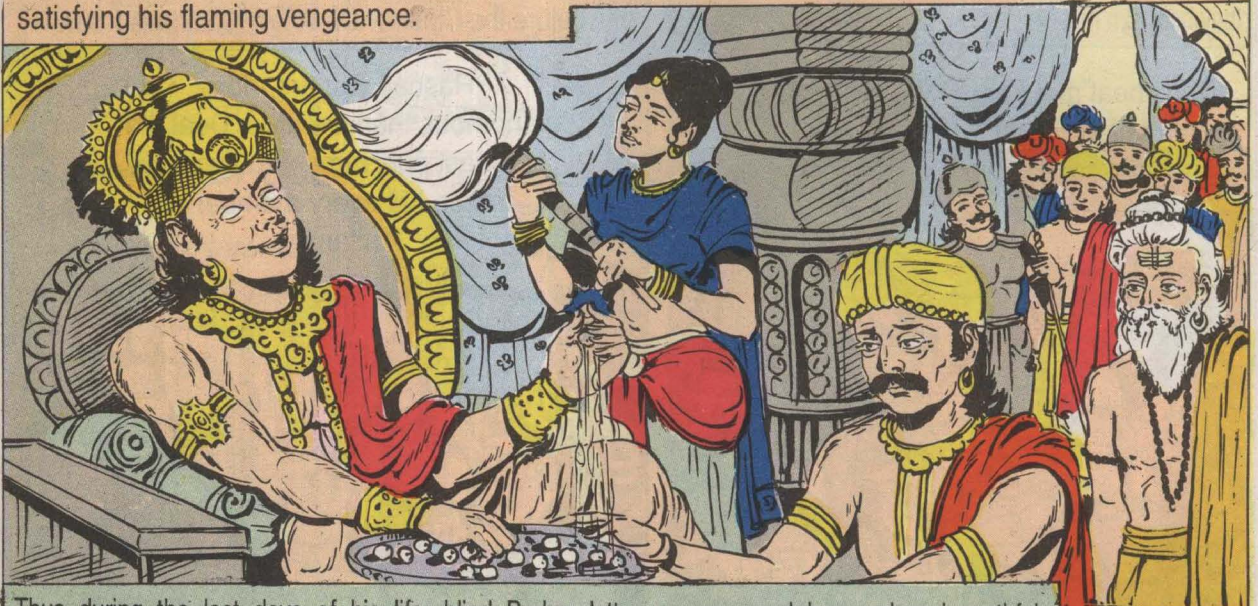


The wise minister brooded—

The Chakravarti's mind is aflame with vengeance and he is beyond reason.



He peeled a few Lasodas # and brought them to the king in a large plate. The blind king felt them with his fingers. Taking them to be the eye-balls of Brahmins, he callously rubbed and crushed them satisfying his flaming vengeance.



Thus during the last days of his life, blind Brahm-datt was consumed by cruel and wrathful sentiments. As a consequence, when he completed his life span he reincarnated in the seventh hell.

THE END

-Lasoda = a glutinous fruit of the size of the human eye balls.

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THE THREE BRANCHES OF THE DHARMA-TREE

Dharma has been depicted as a giant tree having three main branches. The branches are—

- 1. Ahimsa**—Not to harm any of the six classes of beings and to nurture such feelings as amnesty, fraternity, compassion and equality towards all beings. These ten forms of ahimsa have been shown as the ten leaves on this branch.
- 2. Samyag (discipline)**—The seventeen sections of discipline described in the elaboration of this verse have been shown as the seventeen leaves of another branch.
- 3. Tap (austerity)**—The twelve sections of austerity, including fasting, dieting, and others have been shown as twelve leaves of the third branch.

Even gods and men of high status revere the person who follows this three branched Dharma or the august attitude. *Dasavaikalika Sutra (Ch. 2, verse 3)*